

WE'LL BRING YOU AND A PAL TO SEE CUP FINAL,
AND PAY ALL YOUR EX'S. (See Inside).

PARSONS

£1.000

Free Insurance.



WEEKLY.

No. 1075.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 23, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TWO REMARKABLE OFFERS

made simply and solely to introduce the latest Oatine Preparations

POWDER LEAVES AND TOILET SOAP

WHICH WILL YOU ACCEPT?

OFFER No. 1.

In order to introduce the OATINE POWDER LEAVES, the usefulness of which are fully explained below, the Proprietors will send, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, one of these delightful 6d. Powder Leaf Booklets, exactly as illustrated, to all who send for one of the Oatine Shampoo Powders, the price of which is 2d., and send a further 1d. stamp for postage. This free distribution is being made solely to advertise this delightful toilet requisite. It will be seen that the Book of Powder Leaves is given quite **FREE**, also a 50-page book on the care of the complexion; the stamps only pay for the postage and cost of the Shampoo Powder.



Oatine Powder Leaves are put up in a dainty booklet containing 100 of these leaves. They will be found most useful to all ladies, as, being small and neatly packed, they are easily carried in the purse or pocket, and effectively displace the powder-puff.

All that is necessary is to tear out a leaf, rubbing it over the face. The paper will then not only absorb and remove all oiliness, perspiration, and dust from the skin, but leave in their place a delicate deposit of powder, which is released so evenly that it is not necessary to use a mirror to ensure its even application. Oatine Powder Leaves are manufactured with the utmost care, and, besides being antiseptic and free from harmful ingredients, they are superior to all others, as the Powder does not blow out whenever the book is handled. They are supplied in three tints, viz.: Blanche, Naturelle, and Rachel, and being very delicately perfumed, they can be used as a sachet for scenting gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.

FILL UP THIS

NOTE.—If desired, both offers may be accepted, when state—

"I desire to accept offers Nos. 1 & 2, and
"enclose 6d. in stamps."

Post applications without delay to THE OATINE
CO., 189 OATINE BUILDINGS, LONDON, S.E.

So convinced are the Proprietors of OATINE TOILET SOAP that a test will ensure its universal adoption, they have decided, for a limited period, to distribute **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, a tablet of this delightful Soap to all sending for the Special Sample Outfit, an illustration of which appears below. The Outfit contains a trial size of each of the following seven Oatine Preparations, and is sent for 3d. in stamps to pay the cost of postage and packing: Oatine Cream, Balm, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Tooth Powder, Shampoo Powder, and Shaving Powder. Send to-day for this Outfit which will be dispatched by return of post, together with a full-size 3d. Tablet of Oatine Soap.

OFFER No. 2.

Oatine Soap contains the healing and cleansing properties of the oat, which is the base from which all the Oatine Toilet Preparations are made.

For centuries it has been understood that oatmeal is good for the skin, and Oatine Soap is manufactured not from husks only, but from the pure healing essence of the finest Oats, and this base, with the addition of other fine ingredients, renders it positively the finest toilet soap made.

It has no equal for healing and cleansing, and has a nice, soft, creamy lather, which leaves the skin soft and velvety. It is not expensive, as it lasts far longer than ordinary toilet soaps.



COUPON NOW.

COUPON.

To the Oatine Co.

I desire to accept your offer No. and enclose 3d. in stamps as specified. Please dispatch parcel by return.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. F.W.), Mfrs. **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS**
Importers & Merchants.

**The Word "VASELINE" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.**

**It is
twice
as good** **CIGARETTE
PAPER**
BEST and PUREST
LARGEST SALE IN G. BRITAIN

TO POULTRY KEEPERS.—All those who read this paper who keep poultry should obtain part of the remarkable scheme by which the Editor of *The Smithfield* is supplying suitable breeds of pedigree fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys (and other stock) of the finest strains free of charge to the object of establishing Breeding Centres throughout the country and meeting effectively foreign competition in the British Egg and Poultry Market. A post-card for full particulars of P-fidgee Limited Competition, 1931, to the Editor of *The Smithfield*, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

GAUTIER'S Composed
Apioi, Tansy,
Steel, regu-
PILLS the system. Invaluable
all disorders of the fe-
constitution. Post free 7
2/3, and 4/6 per box. Mention this pa-
Sole agents:
P. W. BALDWIN & CO. Herb and L-
Store, & Electric Arcade, Holborn, Lond-

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa
—it makes all the difference.
Every grocer sells Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1/6 tins

STATE OF POLL.

DO IT NOW 75,021
WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES. 82,628

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1075.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 23, 1911.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

WHEN SUBJECTS LIBEL KINGS.

PEOPLE who went out of their way to libel their Sovereign in days gone by did not usually get off so lightly as did the defendant in a recent notorious case.

For instance, Leigh Hunt, the famous essayist and poet, was sent to prison for two years—exactly twice the length of Mylius's term—for calling George IV. "a fat Adonis of fifty." And George was not even King at the time, only Regent.

Going back further still we find John Stubbs, a student of Lincoln's Inn, arrested for libelling Queen Elizabeth. He was sentenced to have his right hand cut off, and the barbarous punishment was inflicted in public in the market-place at Westminster by driving a cleaver through the wrist with a mallet. The moment Stubbs lost his right hand he waved his cap with his left, crying, "Long live the Queen."

Then there was that unhappy Walter Walker, grocer, at the sign of the Crown, who said he would make his son heir to the crown. When Edward IV. was told of this merry jest, he ordered Walker to be arrested and put to death for treason.

Almost as hard was the fate of the Buckinghamshire churl who, drinking one day in a village ale-house, spoke disrespectfully of Henry VIII. "King Hal," he hiccupped, "is no true king. Would I had his crown here, that I might play football with it."

The libeller was hanged, drawn, and quartered, and pieces of his body were distributed as a warning amongst the market towns of the county.

- ACT I.: "Brown's cook left."
ACT II.: "Mrs. Brown did the cooking."
ACT III.: "The cooking did Mr. Brown."

DON'T CHEAT THE G.P.O.

WHATEVER you do, don't attempt to swindle the British Post Office. There is no Government department which looks after its own rights more jealously or exacts a heavier penalty from those who defraud it.

For instance, a postal detective found out that a man staying at Maidstone had received a paper by post, had placed another newspaper in the same wrapper, and redirected it to himself at Wisbech without affixing a fresh stamp. The G.P.O. prosecuted, and the offender was fined £10 and costs.

A week or two ago, the authorities laid their hands upon another offender who had used a penny stamp which had already passed through the post. He had to pay £50 before justice was satisfied.

Yet even he got off more lightly than a certain City clerk who was tried at the Old Bailey in April last for cutting up cancelled postage-stamps and piecing the unmarked portions together so as to form apparently unused stamps. No fine would satisfy the outraged G.P.O. He was sent to prison for three months.

Any offence against the Revenue authorities is sure to be expensive. Not long ago a well-known Kent landowner had to pay £25 fine because he had forgotten to take out a gun-licence.

The smuggler forfeits his goods and pays three times the duty. That is the minimum penalty. If three people assemble together to run goods an additional fine of £500 may be exacted.

Two aliens who were recently caught smuggling a quantity of saccharin had to pay £2,370.

Even so, we are better off than they are in France, where, last summer, an English gentleman staying near Etretat was fined 25 francs for taking a bucket of water out of the sea; or in Belgium, where another Englishman, offended at the rudeness of a policeman, requested his number, and for his curiosity was arrested and fined 100 francs (£4).

THE STORY OF MARTIN.

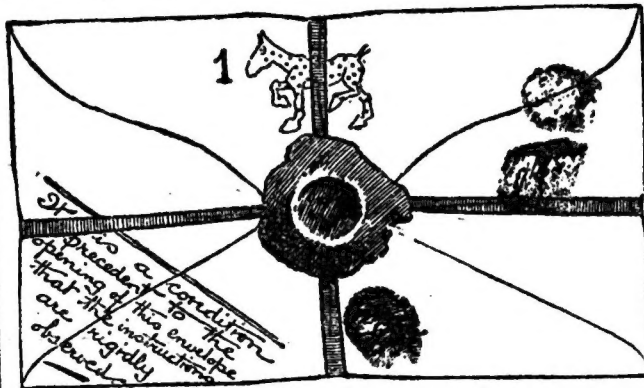
How He Called on the Editor, Unfolded His Great Scheme, and then Mysteriously Disappeared!

No doubt my readers have been curious to know the meaning of the phrase, "Shall we do it now or wait till Martin comes?" which has appeared in P.W. during the past few weeks. Although I am not yet free to tell you all I know about the mystery, I feel justified in saying this much:

Mr. Martin—whom I had never before seen in my life—called upon me about November with what he claimed to be a scheme for benefiting the readers of *Pearson's*. So far as I can remember his words were:

"I hold in my hand, Mr. Editor, a sealed packet which contains particulars of a novel method of distributing money amongst your readers. It also contains in bank notes the money itself. I don't want to carry all this cash about with me, so I place it in your hands and ask you to keep it in your safe. I am going away now, but I will come back on my birthday on April 1st and will then open the packet in your presence. Should you decide to wait for me, you will be at liberty to decline to accept my offer, but if you open the envelope before I come back, it must be only on the understanding that you STRICTLY CARRY OUT THE CONDITIONS WHICH YOU WILL FIND INSIDE. Do you agree?"

It seemed a sporting offer, so I agreed. With that he placed on my desk the sealed packet—of which I reproduce a sketch herewith—and disappeared from the room.



The back of Martin's mysterious package.

After thinking the matter over for some time I decided to invite you, my readers, to decide whether I should do it now or wait till April 1st. So far, the majority—possibly for the fun of the thing—have voted in favour of waiting till Martin comes. The remedy lies in your hands. Record your vote on the ballot paper which appears on page 508.

On two occasions recently I have got into touch with him, but each time he has disappeared suddenly. I myself am very curious to discover what is inside that envelope, but in honour bound I cannot break the seal until I have my readers' permission to do so. Directly the votes in favour of "doing it now" exceed those of "waiting for Martin," the whole mystery will be solved.

Martin Ballot paper will be found on page 503. Please register your vote.

THAT BOY AGAIN.

MR. CITYMAN: "Did you tell that fellow I had gone to Australia?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir, I told him you started this morning."

Mr. Cityman: "Good! What did he say?"

Office Boy: "He wanted to know when you'd be back, and I told him not till after lunch."

THE BEST MILK-GIVER.

A SCOTTISH farmer one day called to a farm lad: "Here, Tam, gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gies the maist milk."

The boy departed to do his bidding, and on his return the farmer asked him if he had done as he was told.

"Aye, maister," replied the lad. "I gied 'em a' a cabbage each, and hung the biggest on the pump handle!"

FOR PA'S SAKE.

THE young man was leaning on the garden-gate chatting with the object of his affections when the latter said hesitatingly:

"I am going to ask a great favour of you."

"It is already granted," he answered devotedly.

"A very great favour," she repeated, as if doubtful of the propriety of stating it. "You're sure that you won't think it forward of me?"

"Never," he answered. "Nothing you asked could be too great a trial. Only tell me what I can do for you."

"Well," she replied, with evident reluctance, "would you mind not leaning on that gate? Father painted it this afternoon, and he will be awfully provoked if he has to do it all over again."

RADIUM ERRAND GIRLS.

A SPECIAL corps of girls is being organised in Paris to carry radium to and fro between the laboratories where it is manufactured and stored, and the hospitals, and the consulting-rooms of the physicians who use it.

They receive good wages, £8 and £10 a month, and the risks attendant upon handling the mysterious mineral, and carrying it constantly about with them, are considerable. They have to be very careful, and take elaborate precautions, otherwise they are liable to be burned by the radium emanations, and such burns develop very quickly into nasty, spreading ulcers, which are exceedingly difficult to heal.

Each tiny speck of radium—worth many hundreds of pounds—is inclosed in a sealed glass tube, from which the air has previously been extracted, and this again is placed in a small leaden box before being handed to a messenger for conveyance anywhere.

The girls wear gloves lined inside with lead sheeting, and their waistbelt, inside which is fastened the thin flat box containing the tube of radium, is also lead-lined.

The reason for this is that it has been found that the tiny particles which are constantly being given off by the mineral—its emanations—will not easily penetrate lead, although they readily pass through glass and most other metals.

Still, even after taking every precaution, the fact remains that an errand girl, while actually conveying radium, is continually being bombarded by its emanations, the particles travelling at a rate of several thousand miles a second. So, perhaps, after all, she is not over-paid.

Half-guineas, Pen-knives, Scissors, Match-boxes, Pencil-cases, and Safety-razors offered in this week's footlines.

Coronation Claimants

Premature.

THERE was much less wrangling this time at the Court of Coronation Claims because, of course, most of the claims were thoroughly sifted before the late King Edward's Coronation.

One member of the Court, the Duke of Norfolk, made an amusing blunder. He arrayed himself one day in his full-dress uniform as Earl Marshal, surmounted by the Order of the Garter and all the other paraphernalia of a State occasion, and capped the lot with his cocked hat. Then to the vast admiration of numerous passers-by, he sallied forth from his house, got into his car, and motored down to attend the meeting of the Court.

When he arrived he suddenly discovered he had mistaken the date, and that he was just ten days too early!

Puppies' Tails and a Text.

ONE of the claims allowed was that of the Bishop of Durham, who will, therefore, support his Majesty and have certain other privileges.

The Bishop is very fond of dumb animals, and he tells a story of a little lesson on kindness to animals he gave to a Sunday School class.

"Now, tell me," the Bishop asked one small child, "why is it wrong to cut off dogs' tails?"

To which the damsel replied: "Because of the text in the Bible."

The Bishop was rather puzzled because he had mentioned no particular text so far.

"What text, my dear?"

She thought hard for a second; then she told him: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

The Amateur Gardener.

ANOTHER successful claimant is Earl Carrington, who claimed to perform the duties of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, "and have all profits and fees belonging thereto, including forty ells of crimson velvet."

Lord Carrington is keenly interested in all questions connected with the land—agriculture, gardening, and so on; and he once told a story of an ambitious young wife who decided to take up gardening.

When her husband was starting for business one morning she handed him a lengthy list of seeds which she wanted him to bring home. He glanced down the list.

"But don't you want any flowers to bloom this summer?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," his wife answered.

"Well, those you've put down here won't bloom till next summer."

"Oh, that's all right!" she explained. "I made up the list from a last year's catalogue."

The Reason Why.

NEARLY all the claimants wanted "fees" or "allowances," and the Duke of Argyll, King George's uncle by marriage, was no exception. "To have fees," is in the list of his claims.

Some time ago the Duke happened to meet a little boy wearing spectacles.

"How is it, my boy," the Duke asked pleasantly, "that you wear spectacles while I, an old man, do not have to wear them?"

"Cause I squint!" was the abrupt reply.

Shutting Out the Bishop.

A GOOD story is being told about the Bishop of Birmingham.

The vicar of a certain parish church was taking service at a neighbouring church while his wife was busily engaged at housework at home. During the morning the vicarage bell rang, and the servant, having answered the door, announced to her mistress that Mr. Bishop desired to see the vicar. The girl, a rough country damsel, explained that she had told "the gent" that her master was not at home and had asked him to leave a message.

The reply of "Mr. Bishop" was that he desired to see the clergyman's wife, to whom he could say what he desired. Naturally, the lady considered herself unfit to receive visitors in the middle of her household duties, and sent back word to the caller that the vicar being away, he must either leave a message.

"Mr. Bishop," however, was insistent. He must see the vicar's wife, and would wait until she could receive him. In high dudgeon at such an interruption of her work, and annoyed at the persistency of the visitor, the lady hurried upstairs, made herself presentable, and then went to the door to interview the gentleman.

There, calmly cooling his toes on the doormat, after having the door twice slammed in his face, was the Lord Bishop of the diocese.

The lady stood aghast when she recognised her august caller, and with a muttered "I am very sorry, my lord!" asked the worthy divine into her husband's study, where, by his characteristic geniality the Bishop not only soon put the lady at her ease, but laughed heartily at the servant's amusing blunder.

When subsequently the girl was called to task concerning her lack of discernment she satisfied herself with the remark:

"Well, he said he was Bishop, and as he had got funny trousers on, I didn't think he could be anybody worth troubling about!"

Not at this Address.

THIS did not happen at P.W. office.

On a certain weekly paper the lady journalist who conducted a page devoted to feminine interests was called away suddenly, and had to leave before she had properly explained the "hang" of things to the man who was to do her work for the time being.

He soon distinguished himself.

A correspondent wrote in to ask how grease could be removed from soup. The new man read the letter hurriedly, noticed that it was something about the removal of grease, looked up his reference book, and scribbled a reply.

This is what the correspondent was advised to do: "Soak a soft cloth in petrol and rub gently till the grease is eradicated."

Echo Answered.

IN his recent book of reminiscences, Mr. Seymour Hicks remarked that Mr. Justice Darling—who presided over the sensational West slander suit—is his favourite judge, and he admits that he is a frequent visitor to the Law Courts.

The first sentence he heard Mr. Justice Darling pass was one of six months, but, owing to a curious echo, Mr. Hicks says the walls kept repeating: "Six—months—six—months."

The prisoner at the bar was removed exclaiming, in tones of frantic expostulation: "Eighteen months, my lord, for that! Good 'eavens!"

To the Point.

TALKING of the law courts: At a dinner given recently in his honour, some excellent stories were told of the wit of a leading member of the Paris Bar.

One day, in a rather dry case, the judge and the two assistant judges fell asleep during counsel's speech. Rather annoyed at this, he banged on the table suddenly, and as the three judges started back to consciousness, he went on calmly: "As I told you yesterday at about this time—"

For a second or two, before laughter broke out in the court, the judges stared at each other, wondering whether they had really been asleep for twenty-four hours!

The cream of his witticisms, however, was his reply to an impatient judge who asked him to cut short his speech for the defence. Counsel bowed gravely, and pointed first to himself, then to the judge, and then to the prisoner.

"Me right. You kind judge. He innocent."

Then he sat down.

He won his case!

Professional Instinct

THE production of *Romeo and Juliet* in Paris the other day recalls an incident connected with a more rough-and-ready performance in a Wild Western township.

Romeo had taken the poison, and Juliet was staggering about the stage, wailing and wringing her hands.

"Oh, cruel poison!" she cried.

Kneeling distractedly beside her lover, she raised his head and kissed his lips.

The local doctor's assistant, carried away in his excitement, sprang wildly to his feet, and struggled towards an exit, shouting: "That's right, Juliet; you keep his head up and I'll fetch the stomach pump!"

Quaint Questions

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any paragraph used. If there is more than one sender, the paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

DO YOU KNOW?

WHY is the Odd Corner Editor like a dangerous hooligan?

Solution below.

VERY STRANGE.

'Tis strange, but true, that when night falls

It doesn't break at all.

But stranger still when daylight breaks

It's never known to fall.

THAT OFFICE-BOY AGAIN!

"SIR," remarked the P.W. office-boy to the Odd Corner Editor, "it's a strange thing that in Yorkshire they can't hang a man with a wooden leg."

"Nonsense, Chortles, you must be mistaken, my boy, why, I'm—"

"It's a fact, sir. They can't hang a man with a wooden leg; they have to use a rope."

MISSING WORDS.

THE three missing words in the following verse are composed of the same seven letters:

When good men fail the _____ grins,

When one _____ he swears,

And tries to set his former sins

Against his _____ prayers.

Solution below.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

THERE was once a monastery of which it was boasted that no inmate had ever told a lie. As a matter of fact, no one connected with it ever had told a lie.

One day, however, a monk rushed in on his assembled brothers and cried:

"At last a lie has been told within this monastery!"

Was the monk telling a lie when he made this statement, as till he started speaking no lie had ever been told?

Solution below.

CHASING THE SHADOW.

DRAW a circle on a sheet of notepaper and fix a pin in an upright position in the centre, as shown in the illustration. Can you now cause the shadow cast by the pin to move round the circle without altering the position of the paper or pin, or moving the table on which it is placed?



If you can't do it, look at the solution below.

HE OUGHT TO BE PUN-ISHED.

"I WANT some consecrated lye," said the man in the shop.

"Concentrated, you mean?"

"Yes, that's the stuff I camphor. What does it sulphur? (sell for)."

"A shilling a can."

"Then you can give me a can."

Said the chemist: "I've never cinnamon (seen a man) so witty as you."

"I ammonia (only a) novice," said the customer, "though I've soda (sold a) good many puns. However, I don't care a copperas far as I'm concerned. I never myrrh-myrrh (murmur), but drive caraway (care away)."

Solutions.

DO YOU KNOW?

THE "Odd Corner" Editor is like a dangerous hooligan because if you puzzle him he's likely to answer you with a knife!

MISSING WORDS.

SERPENT, Repents, Present.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

THE only satisfactory solution is to suppose that the monk was telling a lie when he commenced speaking, but was telling the truth before he had finished.

CHASING THE SHADOW.

STRIKE a match and move the flame round the head of the pin in a circular direction, when the shadow will revolve in a very fascinating manner.



Among London's Aliens

No. III.—A NIGHT WITH THE FATHERLAND.
By Mr. P. DOUBLEYOU.

SOMETIMES, on a Sunday night, when the wander spirit seizes me, and I long to shake the English dust from my feet and go abroad for a time, I stroll along to a foreign club in the vicinity of Fitzroy Square. I am the only Englishman present. It is the haunt of Germans—the young, the old, and the middle-aged.

There, in London's heart, in the middle of the capital of the British Empire, within fifteen minutes' walk of the British House of Commons, I sit with a stranger's feeling, with that curious sense of insecurity that comes to the average traveller in a land thousands of miles from his own.

Stout, heavy-faced old settlers thunder out "Hochs" near a garlanded bust of the Kaiser as they raise their lager beer jugs and applaud Wagnerian music. The motherly frau sips light wine munches a liver sausage sandwich; young Fritz, a hairdresser from the Black Forest, pounds his way across the room to a demure frau with corn-coloured hair and big grey eyes, to suggest a plate of sauerkraut and black bread; and a waiter, whose home address is "something-strasse, Berlin," shakes his head as I give my order, and says: "Eenglesch me not speak."

WHEN LONDON SLEEPS.

About the time when you true-born Britons are retiring to bed, the club wakes up—that is to say, the chairs and little tables are pushed near the wall so as to give space to the dancers. With the first stroke of midnight comes the first bar of the opening waltz, and dancing is kept up for hours. It is a sight which ought to be seen by all who scoff at "this talk," as they put it, of a probable invasion. The Germans are not coming; they are here, a sufficient number, at any rate, to prove of very material assistance to their invading compatriots.

Where the club is situated is one of the most congested districts in all London, and nearly all the residents are German—waiters, tailors, bakers, hairdressers, and servants, nurses and governesses, living cheaply until they find berths.

The German language is over every shop-door and window. German faces stand out white and eager in the darkness of the gloomy doorways. There are German *cafés* innumerable—all crowded; there are German lodging-houses in dozens—all packed.

The preacher at the street corner here addresses his hearers in the German language, and the little ring of Christian workers sing the hymn in the same tongue. If you look outside a newsagent's shop for the contents bill of the DAILY EXPRESS, you find LONDONER ZEITUNG staring at you. It is one of the two German newspapers published in London. If you inquire your way of a settler who is ill-informed as to the district, he shakes his head, and says: "Nein," which means "No." The next man you meet, should he know the place you are seeking, will not say "Yes," but "Yah."

SPIES—NOT JOLLY GOOD SORTS.

Germans—Germans everywhere. They are all well-dressed, and most of them are in work. If they can't get a place where wages are paid they offer their services for board and lodging with an opportunity to learn the English language.

And Englishmen are only too willing to find them employment. We welcome them. We marvel at their quickness in picking up our vowels and our verbs, and we feel flattered at their intense interest in the geography of our country. You can hear Londoners describing these young Germans as "jolly good sorts!"—young men of manners and culture, whose politeness is a pattern to be copied—whose enthusiasm about England and the English is conclusive proof of their friendliness towards us.

And all the time most of them are spies—spies with a capital S. They are more dangerous than Anarchists. They have a suave manner and soft speech. Unlike the revolutionary, they do not frown at you; they smile at you. Instead of pistols

they carry notebooks, and when they pick up a piece of information which they think will be of use to their Fatherland, they sell it to a secret agent from Berlin who spends his time in this country finding out the latest for the benefit of his Government.

During my wanderings in the German quarter I met a young man from Frankfurt. He was the essence of amiability, and I spent many happy evenings with him as my guide through the quarter. One night I inquired, casually, what business he was engaged in. His reply was evasive, and I let the subject drop. He was missing from his usual haunt a few nights later, and I have not seen him again. I have since had unquestionable proofs that he was a spy in the pay of the Kaiser. But he got nothing out of me.

It is the secret agent to whom the penniless German waiter goes when he is fresh from the Continent. He wants a job in a large hotel or restaurant, and he knows he will have to pay for a place because of the big tips that are given. The secret agent lends him the money on condition that he keeps his ears open when the English diplomatist is dining with his friends.

But it is useless to look for the spy; you would never suspect him. It has taken me years to satisfy myself as to the profession of even two or three. They are the nicest and most genial fellows in the German quarter, and they take the precaution not to live in it.

WHERE THE WINE FLOWS.

Their London homes are at Kensington and in the south-western suburbs. I have seen them occasionally at the London railway termini, extending a welcome to German officers in myft. And then I have gone down to the docks to see the rank and file arrive. Drove of them, there were. Representatives of German employment bureaux were there, and as they led their charges to the Handwerker Hoin, which is a temporary home for German emigrants, I thought of Moses leading the Israelites to the Promised Land.

But there was no Red Sea flood here. The foreigners were sure of a home in the German colony near Fitzroy-Square.

It is a great night when they crowd round the fires at the *cafés*, and the little restaurants and the lodging-houses. Welcomes everywhere. The "good Rhine wine" flows freely, and the home-made cake from the villages of Hanover is cut into little slices and handed round, and that strange noise you hear as you pass is the German equivalent to "Rule Britannia."

An old lady who came here from Leipzig years ago recognises a newcomer from the same place and rushes across the room to embrace him.

"And how is Rudolf?" she inquires in English.

The freshman does not understand her speech.

"Poor poy," the old lady says, patting him on the back. "Not yet know Eenglesch. Of course; of course!"

A SONG OF THE HOMELAND.

"But he vill know it soon!" a dozen voices call. "He vill know it soon!"

And then the little orchestra strikes up with *Faust* or *Traviata*, and the voices lower to whispers. . . . Now, as the musicians reach a song in the opera that is world-famous, an old tailor with a heavy moustache and the figure of a Falstaff rises slowly and deliberately with a queer dreamy look in his eyes and breaks into melody. His voice is rich and full, and when he sits down there is not a dry eye in the room.

It is a song of the homeland, of German love and beauty. And in a few seconds the newcomers are showering invitations on the old man to join them in a favourite beverage.

But the German immigrant picture I like most to ponder is the picture I have seen in the Thames sometimes, in the early morning, as the stars began to fade away, and the white and green and red lights of the moving craft vanished, and the crimson shafts from the Eastern quiver darted quickly across the whitening sky.

The central figure was a goat ship steaming upwards through the Pool. Bunches of eager white faces were at the port-holes, and leaning over the vessel's sides, their strained eyes turned towards London, their star of hope. Cruising round was a German settler come to give an early greeting to his relatives.

While, away west, on London Bridge, a band of homeless Britishers stood wondering, and cursing, and shivering.

(Mr. P. Doubleyou will relate his Experiences in a Foreign Pawn-Shop next week.)

I WANT 5,000 WIVES.

How the Marriageable Girl may find a Husband and a Home.

By THOMAS HOWELL, General Immigration Agent for the Canadian Northern Railway System.

To choose 5,000 domestic servants for Canada fitted to be the wives of the farmers in the West is by no means an easy job, but I have set myself the task, and, with the help of my lady assistants, I mean to carry it through.

Out in Canada there are no fewer than 30,000 eligible bachelors—men of good character, steady and hardworking, who are at present leading lonely, incomplete lives, and who would be only too willing to marry could a suitable woman be found, but unfortunately there are so few women there that not more than five per cent. of these men can marry unless they get wives from the old country. Here in England, however, quite a different problem exists.

There are over one million surplus women in the United Kingdom, and it is from these women that I propose to draw my 5,000.

True, the girl who is to make a real help-meet to the Canadian farmer must be domesticated, healthy, strong, and not afraid of work, but I feel sure that there are more than 5,000 women in England who will not hesitate to take up the great work of Empire building in the West. These are the women I wish to send out to Canada, women who will be prepared to turn their hands to anything which may be necessary, anxious to learn, and prepared to help the men to make a comfortable home for both.

During the summer months the Canadian farmer's wife is a very busy woman. Spring opens up in March, and by 5 a.m. every morning the men folks are up and out, milking the cows, grooming the horses, and watering the cattle. By 6 breakfast is ready, and after the meal the men return to the fields, ploughing and rolling the ground, and the housewife occupies herself tidying up the house, washing, baking bread and pies, making her butter, packing eggs, feeding the poultry, and preparing the dinner, which is served at 12.30.

After dinner the men return again to their work in the field, and the farmer's wife may take her pony-trap into market or not as occasion requires. Supper is served at 6, and by 9 o'clock everyone has retired for the night.

Such is the life of the woman who decides to become the wife of a Canadian farmer, healthy and bright, but by no means a lazy one.

The holiday time in Canada is the winter, and often when the pickling and jam-making is finished the farmer can find time to run home on a few weeks' trip by the cheap excursions which are arranged at the close of each year, returning in time to prepare for the spring.

I may say that I have already had several hundreds of possible applicants, but my chief aim is to find women who are eminently suited for the position which they will occupy.

Whether a girl has money or not is of no consequence. Naturally, it is better that she should pay her own passage (a matter of £8), and so start clear, but if unable to do this we are prepared to arrange to advance the money by way of loan, and allow her to repay it by a deduction of so much per month from her wages until it has been paid off.

All the girls and women who go out under the care of the Canadian Northern Railway Company are included in personally conducted parties presided over by competent ladies who look after their charges, and see to their comfort until they are fixed up in situations.

Every woman who goes out in the capacity of domestic servant will be guaranteed a situation, but girls who choose other occupations cannot have a position guaranteed, although the company will do its level best to effect introductions and assist them in every possible way.

I have during the past seven years placed 50,000 British people in situations in Canada. I am able to place 5,000 girls in situations as domestic servants, where they will have good prospects of becoming home makers in the future. Hundreds of the girls I have placed have married well. One married a man worth £10,000, another who went out last year to Manitoba married a farmer who owns a square mile of land when she had been in the country only three months.

I will give twenty pencil-cases for the best solutions. Mark postcards "Census." (See page 528.)

KISSING SHUTTLES.

What It Means, and Where the Danger Lies.

"WHAT'S all this agitation in the North against shuttle-kissing, Mr. P. Doublyou?" a friend inquired of me the other day. "What is shuttle-kissing?"

I picked up an office-duster and pointed out—he knew already probably—that the threads crossed each other. I explained that when the duster was in the process of weaving, one section of the threads unwound itself slowly from a large beam fixed to the back of the loom. As the unwinding proceeded the other threads were carried across by means of the shuttle.

The weaver fixed a "cop" of "weft" (stretch of thread from the spinner) in the shuttle, placed it in position, and in a trice it was racing to and fro, the "cop" dwindling in size with each journey.

But before starting the loom the weaver had to draw the end of the thread through the shuttle's eye, and she did this by placing the shuttle to her lips and drawing in the way a smoker draws at his pipe.

It is a practice fraught with grave danger, and Lancashire is waking up to the fact. The weaver sucks, not thread only, but dust, harmful dust that wages war with her lungs. The report of a doctor to the Health Committee of his town recently states that three persons who had worked on the same looms and kissed the same shuttle died of tuberculosis.

Why the danger has not been attacked earlier is—to me—amazing. Shuttle-kissing has been undermining the health of the Lancashire cotton operative these years and years. It works slowly, but, like the poet's mills of God, "exceeding sure." It begins on the weaver's teeth, and if you make her laugh it will reveal the shuttle holes in her upper incisors.

At first, very likely, she has recourse to a dental preparation known in Lancashire as white gutta-percha, but as the hole enlarges the stopping falls out, and eventually she leaves her teeth to their fate—or, worse still, patronises a quack dentist.

She kisses the shuttle scores of times in the day, and never realises—or refuses to realise—her danger. The dirt and the dust of industry works its insidious way into her system, and she quickly becomes a slave to patent medicines and wonders why she should need medicines at all.

"Kissin' shuttles," she says. "Rot! No 'arm in kissin' shuttles."

If consumption were to grip her and she were to die, another weaver would take the dead girl's place, and—would kiss the same shuttle. And if disease were to accept the invitation and lay low weaver number two, fellow weavers would fail to detect the real reason.

And the shuttle-kissing goes on. A mechanical threader has been suggested in one quarter, and in another a system of disinfecting, but whichever is adopted will not, I fear, find favour. Each would be more troublesome than the present system of drawing the thread through the shuttle's eye by means of the mouth.

NO LUCK.

THE tradesman rendered his bill, waited for several weeks, and then wrote:

"Please, sir, I want my bill."

Back came the bill with these words:

"Certainly; here it is."

The bill was again returned, and the tradesman wrote:

"Kindly send me the amount of my bill."

The answer came promptly and politely:

"Certainly. It is £3 2s. 6d."

The next week the tradesman again wrote:

"Will you send me a cheque for my bill?"

The answer came in the shape of a blank, unsigned cheque, with the message:

"By all means. Here is a cheque. I have kept the bill."

In desperation the tradesman then wrote:

"I want my bill paid."

And back came the answer:

"So do I."

Then the tradesman gave it up.



Some Special Pars About All Sorts of Sports and Pastimes.

A WONDERFULLY ingenious motor-car engine which uses coal as fuel, instead of petrol or steam, has been patented, and is proving highly successful.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Everton and Ireland's famous goalkeeper, recently received a present of a gold watch and a shillelagh from some anonymous admirers.

A FOURSOME tournament open to members of the Professional Golfers' Association will be inaugurated this year. It will be for two cups and £350 in money prizes.

BECAUSE Mr. Hubert Latham, as we stated recently, shot one duck from his aeroplane, he has been notified by the vigilant officials that he must take out a game licence.

THE inventor of Portland cement, Mr. Isaac C. Johnson, who recently celebrated his 100th birthday, learnt to ride a bicycle at the age of eighty-seven.

IN a recent South-Eastern League match "Tiny" Joyce, the Spurs' big goalkeeper, took a goal-kick and sent the ball clean over the goal-line at the opposite end of the field.

FIFTY-SIX thousand two hundred and six pounds' worth of foreign aeroplanes were imported into this country last year, but the aeroplanes exported were only worth £15,486.

D. M. GRANT, who has been given his Rugby international cap for Scotland against Wales, is one of the youngest men ever to be selected for his country. He is only seventeen years old.

PRINCE WILLIAM, second son of the King of Sweden, is to be one of the competitors in the big Swedish motor race from Gotenborg to Stockholm.

JAMES SHARP, of Fulham, apparently lays little store by the many international caps which have come his way. He recently admitted that he had distributed them among his friends as "keepsakes."

MONTAGUE HOLBEIN, who has made so many unsuccessful attempts to swim the Channel, is practising a new leg stroke, known as the "Northern kick," which is confidently expected to increase his chances of success.

MR. FRANK J. GOULD, the American millionaire sportsman, has given £20,000 for the construction of a special motor-road between Washington and Richmond, a distance of 150 miles. English millionaires, please copy!

ON February 18th visitors to the Birmingham F.C. ground will be able to purchase penny tickets to view the players' dressing-rooms and the club's billiard-room. All the money thus raised will help to pay the team's "way."

AD. WOLGAST, of America, has at last agreed to fight Owen Moran, the Birmingham boy, for the lightweight championship of the world. He insists, however, on receiving not less than £2,500 as his share of the purse.

At a well-known London picture palace a "bear-hunting" film was exhibited recently, and some very revolting incidents were witnessed. Many people in the hall showed their disapproval of such cruel "sport" by hissing loudly.

"SHALL WE DO IT NOW, OR WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES?"

Below is a ballot paper which you are invited to fill up according to your views. When you have done so place it in an unsealed envelope with a halfpenny stamp attached, and address it to the "Martin Editor," *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MARTIN BALLOT PAPER.	
DO IT NOW	
WAIT TILL MARTIN COMES	

Please put a X in the space that indicates your wish.

WHY PANTO BOYS aren't BOYS

By WALTER MELVILLE.

Who is Producing "Cinderella" at the Lyceum.

THERE are several reasons why the principal boy in pantomime is always a girl.

To begin with, pantomime does not set out to represent the hard-and-fast reality of things, but deals with fairy stories which have been told and read many times over by parents to their children.

Now, the kiddies have their own ideas as to what a fairy prince, princess, godmother, and so on should look like, and the producer of pantomime must accordingly fall in with these ideas when putting on his show.

To give the part of a principal boy to a real boy would, I think, take away a great deal of the charm from this part, and would not meet with the approval of either children or grown-ups.

The prince in pantomime must be a charming and dainty creature, with a pleasing figure and fine voice, and these requirements would not be met if the part were taken by a real boy.

No amount of training could make the real boy so graceful or so dainty as one of the girls who take principal boys' parts. A real boy is not by nature graceful and dainty, and in the part of a principal boy he would most certainly appear clumsy.

This would be more particularly the case when it came to the love scenes, which, in pantomime, must be very prettily played, or else they would look foolish.

It is true that, as regards singing, a really first-class boy's voice is very beautiful, but I venture to think that some of the ladies at present playing as principal boys possess voices every bit as good as that of the most accomplished boy-singer.

In this matter of singing, you may be sure that no boy could be taught to render his songs with the feeling and expression necessary for the success of a pantomime love song, so that here again is another point in favour of the feminine principal boy.

Of course, the ladies who play "principal boy" have to make a very special study of this kind of part before they can hope to achieve success, and that they do command a long-lasting popularity with the public shows how successful have been their studies.

Even in the matter of figure, the "principal boy" often turns herself out as a very passable imitation of the real thing.

But even in the cases of those ladies who do not look "boyish," what does it matter? The pantomime is dealing, as I have said before, with fairy people, and to dress them up in modern clothes or to sacrifice picturesqueness to reality would be to take all the fun out of pantomime, now and for ever.

No, the public are accustomed to the principal boy being a girl, and they like this arrangement; so do the kiddies. People would not tolerate a real boy in the part for a moment. Pantomime would lose the potency of its spell over children of all ages if such a change were made.

BOARDER (on leaving): "Madam, you are one of the most honest persons I have ever met."

Landlady: "I'm glad to hear you say that, sir."

Boarder: "Yes; your honesty is even apparent on the very front of your establishment. Your sign says, 'Boarders taken in'!"

NO TACT.

HE met her at a dance, and, after they had floundered through five waltzes together, he suggested they should retire to the conservatory to sit a dance out.

So out they went and sat down.

"Ah!" yelled the youth immediately, and he sprang to his feet, gasping for breath.

"Why, what is it?" cried the girl.

The young man gasped and rolled on the floor in agony.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Binks," cried the maiden, "what kind of attack is this?"

"What does it matter," growled Binks, "so long as it was one?"

Then he strode away in anger.

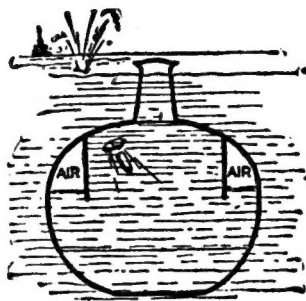
But how was she to know that the cause of all the trouble was just an ordinary tack which Binks had found standing on its head and had sat on?

Making Submarines Safer

The Secrets of a Wonderful Helmet that has just been Taken Up by the Admiralty.

THE recent German submarine disaster serves as a reminder that there are few more horrible forms of death than that of being trapped under water in a disabled submarine, and it says a great deal for the pluck of British naval men that when a new submarine is put in commission there are always a great number of applications from men who want to be included in her crew.

The lives of brave men are precious, and every year something new is thought of and applied that will make submarine work less risky.

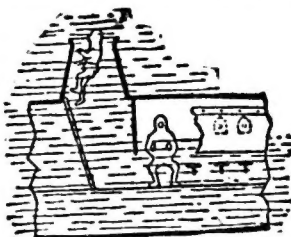


When a submarine is struck by a shell high up it fills with water save for the air-traps. Here the men retire to put on their helmets.

When a submarine meets with a serious accident—an accident due possibly to a rock or to a shell from an enemy's guns—the water immediately rushes into the vessel, and it sinks more or less rapidly to the bottom of the sea.

The crew at once take shelter in the "air-traps," which are simply partitions made to catch the air and hold it, no matter how high the water may rise inside the submarine.

The air-trap can be easily understood if a tumbler is held upside down in an empty basin. If the basin is then filled with water, a little of the air will slip round the brim and bubble up, but most of it will remain in the tumbler, no matter how high the water may rise.

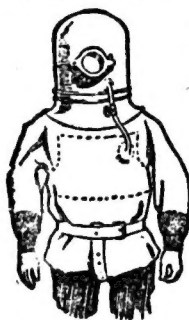


Submariner preparing to leave a sunken vessel. Note the man sitting in the air-trap and the helmets hanging up ready for use.

In the same way, the air-trap in the submarine acts as a sort of big tumbler into which the crew can escape as the water rises, and here they will find a sufficient supply of air to let them breathe freely while they are putting on their new safety helmets, which are kept hanging ready in the air-traps.

Even then, there is no time to waste, for the air in the air-traps may rapidly become poisonous owing to a gas that is formed when the salt water reaches the electric batteries in the vessel.

Three things are required now, therefore: The crew must be preserved from being drowned in the submarine; they must be made safe from being poisoned by gases; and they must have some means of escape and be able to ascend to the surface of the sea. All these three things are carried out by the new helmet, which can be slipped on, without help, in thirty seconds.



One of the safety helmets in position.

In appearance, the head-piece is rather like that worn by an ordinary diver. Attached to it is a strong waterproof blouse reaching to below the waist, the sleeves having broad india-rubber cuffs that grip the wrists tightly. A belt holds the blouse in place round the waist, and, to prevent it slipping up, another belt passes down between the legs.

The man has now, as it

were, got his head in an upside-down tumbler, and even though the vessel is filled with water, he can move about freely.

There is, however, only a small amount of air in the helmet, and if a man breathes the same air over and over again it very soon becomes poisonous. The wonderful thing about this helmet, then, is an arrangement whereby the man can breathe the same air over and over again and still keep it fresh.

Inside the blouse, in front, is a pocket containing a case a little larger than an ordinary six-shilling novel. There are two tubes attached; one of these the man puts into his mouth and breathes through, the other is left free inside the helmet. Now, when the man's breath has gone down the first tube and into the case, it has to pass over a number of little trays, out into the helmet, back over the trays, and up the tube again. Each of these little trays contains a special patented chemical which, on being moistened by the watery vapour of the breath, gives off the necessary oxygen gas that enables the man to go on breathing the same air over and over again for about an hour and a half.

He must, of course, be careful to breathe through the tube in his mouth. If he is at all inclined to breathe through his nose he is given a special clip that closes the nostrils.

The man can now leave the air-trap and move about as freely as the water in the submarine will let him. If it is decided that the crew shall leave the vessel at once, they simply open the hatch of the conning-tower and step out. The air inside their helmets, being a sort of huge bubble, then raises them gradually to the surface of the sea.

After this it is simply a question of waiting to be picked up, but as this may be a question of hours or even days, and the chemical in the little trays may become exhausted, it is necessary to open the windows in the helmets and let in fresh air.

If a man opens the window as he is, of course the imprisoned air will escape and he will sink in the ordinary way and get drowned, but this wonderful helmet has yet another safety device. Before he opens his window the man has only to blow three times down a tube, and immediately he finds that part of his blouse has become an air lifebelt, going right round him, under his arms. Now he can open his window without fear of sinking, and trust to luck to be picked up soon.

A HOME OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS.

THE Galapagos Islands, which the United States is leasing from Ecuador for ninety-nine years for £7,000,000, are of extreme interest to naturalists, since they form a connecting link between the animal life of the twentieth century and remote prehistoric times.

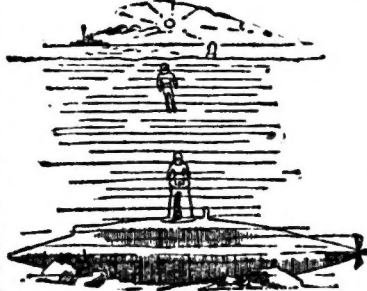
Here, and here only, are to be found the giant tortoises, survivors of the reptilian age, when there were as yet no mammals, and all sorts of huge reptiles held sway upon the earth.

The islands lie in the Pacific Ocean, some 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador, and are so inaccessible, rugged, and mountainous, that they were until quite recently very little visited and comparatively unknown. It is owing to this fact, no doubt, that these monster tortoises have survived there, although they and all their relations became extinct everywhere else in the world probably thousands of years ago.

Some of these reptiles weigh nearly a quarter of a ton, and they are remarkably long-lived, many of them being three and four hundred years old. They are, however, almost extinct in their wild state, owing to their having of late years been so persistently hunted for natural history collections.

The last great haul was made in 1898, when an expedition organised by the Hon. Walter Rothschild visited the islands and brought away sixty tortoises of ages varying between 100 and 400 years.

Since then there have been other minor raids made upon them, and it is estimated that there are probably not now more than about a score of the giants left on the islands.



Men floating up to the surface.

The Girl Clerk and the Boss.

Don't Let Your Employer be a Privileged Person.

By FRANCES MARY CURZON.

WHAT should be the business girl's attitude to her employer out of business hours? In the ordinary work of the day, taking down letters, and so on, she is brought much into contact with her employer, and there are many cases where the employer, often a young man, shows a desire for her company when the "office day" is done.

This places her in a difficult position—and one in which she should think most carefully for herself. After the monotonous work of nine-thirty till six, few girls can help feeling pleased at a friendly invitation to a concert or a theatre. But—

There's a great deal in that "but." Should she accept? There are some beautiful romances of the handsome young employer who begins by throwing a sympathetic glance at his dark-haired typist, when he ought to be giving the whole of his attention to the dictating of an important letter. It starts that way in the books, and ends up at a fashionable church, with pretty little pictures of the bride and bridegroom in the ladies' weekly papers.

But they don't all end like that. They sometimes end in the girl getting a stern sermon from her parents. And, less than anybody, can the business girl, if she wants to get on, afford to have people talk about her.

The real way to look at it is this—if your employer finds your company pleasant and attractive to him, why should he not obtain the privilege in the ordinary way and call on your people?

You would not consider it the right thing to accept constant invitations to the theatre, concerts, and so on from any ordinary young man whom you did not know very well.

That call at your home is the last thing the employer seems to think about. Why should he stand on a different footing? You are under no obligation to him; you work hard for your salary—and you would be foolish to let him be a privileged person.

Another point follows very easily. Will your employer think any the more of you for too readily accepting his invitations and attentions?

It is rather a blow to a girl's natural vanity and pride in herself when she finds herself wondering if her employer did not trouble to observe the usual formalities because she was "only his typist," and therefore his attentions meant nothing and put him under no obligation of any sort to her.

From her own acquaintance, almost any business girl will be able to recall instances where an employer's friendship for a girl in the office has not ended well or happily for her. I know one recent instance where the friendship that began with a perfectly harmless cup of tea, before employer and employed hurried off for their respective trains, in time became mutual, and the two spent a great many happy evenings in one another's company.

It was all quite innocent and above-board, except for one thing. The girl grew to like him very much, and you can imagine her shock when she learnt one day that he was married. He had meant to tell her time after time, but through fear of ending their sympathetic companionship, he had always asked the courage to do so. Indeed, the shock made her ill, and checked her business career for the best part of a year.

The story got about, and people, always ready to criticise adversely, said that she must have known. Of course, it was very unfair of the man not to have told her. But don't you think that some of the fault was hers?

A smart and alert young business woman once argued the question with me. She was constantly going out with her employer—once or twice, even, after a big rush of work, when business had become slack again, they had left the City office in a taxi-cab to enjoy a matinee performance at one of the West End theatres. She argued there was nothing out of the common in the practice. She used that old over-worked phrase, "There was nothing wrong in it." But she looked stupid when I asked if her parents knew of these trips.

So the business girl should take care not to make herself cheap in her employer's eyes. If he is fond of her society, his "intentions" are a matter every bit as important to her as in the case of any other young man known by her family circle who might convince the same keenness for her companionship.

—Could you write a polite yet forcible note that would stop his playing without hurting his feelings? 



Job Trimlett's Dilemma

How a Wily Woman
Cornered a Clever
Coward.

By A. P. GARLAND.

"Then the lion gave a fearful roar and sprang straight at me," said Mr. Trimlett in a husky, thrilling voice.

He picked up a match and lit his pipe lingeringly in order to allow the last statement to sink in. His hearers waited with an anticipatory shudder of horror. They always did so at this stage of the proceedings. They had heard the tale—with slight variations—at least once a week for six years, but its freshness never seemed dimmed.

"Was I frightened?" went on Job scornfully to a querist. "Me frightened! No, my lad. I just let him 'ave both barrels, and he dropped dead at my feet. I 'eard afterwards 'e was the biggest lion seen in Spain for years. The Yoomane Society giv me a medal."

"You never told us that before," said another. "But I thought they only giv 'em for saving life."

"And didn't I save my own life, didn't I? And 'unners of Spaniards 'e would 'ave made a meal of only for me."

"Wotcher think o' that there lion the menagerie 'ad last week?" asked the landlord.

"Poor ole Nero!" said Job pityingly. "Why, he's only fit for cat's-meat. I couldn't think of using a gun to 'im. All I'd ask is to lay 'ands on 'im. He couldn't 'urt nobody."

He rose as he spoke, and, draining his pewter measure, nodded to the crowd, and left the parlour of the Rose and Anchor. It gave his listeners the opportunity of discussing between themselves the great man they had in their midst.

Outside he had barely gone two dozen yards when he nearly collided with a woman who was coming from the opposite direction, and, with a sudden tremor, he recognised Mrs. Branson, a mature widow with whose affections he was held to have dallied.

"Good-even', Job," said she; "I wanted to talk to you for a minute."

But Job was equal to the occasion.

Without saying a word, he shook his head and, pointing to his mouth, gave with one hand a capital representation of the drawing of a huge and recalcitrant tooth.

"'Ad one out?" said the widow. "All right—some other time will do."

But Job pursued his way with some misgiving. "Better get things settled with Sally Prentiss," he murmured to himself. "That ole 'airpin thinks she's got me nabbed. But she can't do nothing. I never give 'er no promise and she 'asn't a scrap of writing. So, 'ang 'er!"

Arrived at the cottage which the Prentisses rented, he found, to his chagrin, that the fair Sally was out.

"Never thought you was comin', Mr. Trimlett," said George Prentiss. "I let Sally go for a stroll, and she ain't back yet. But sit down."

"Jim Bristow bin 'ere?" Job asked.

"Yes. Came in to ask 'me about Sally."

"What did you say?"

"Told 'im he couldn't 'ave 'er. Said she was meant for a better man nor 'im."

"And wot did 'e say to that?"

"He says, 'I've 'eard all about it. You're going to 'and her over to that old gas-bag of a step-father o' mine!'"

"He said that?" repeated Mr. Trimlett, expanding to its utmost limits what the tailor charged for as a suit and a half. "And what did you tell him?"

"I told 'im that even if you was an old gas-bag you 'ad something better than appearance—you 'ad the money. It fair shut 'im up, it did."

Mr. Prentiss' artless retort did not seem to appease Job's anger.

"Old gas-bag, indeed!" said Job indignantly. "I'll gas-bag him. Look 'ere, George Prentiss! What I promised, I'll 'old to. The day Sally and me gets spliced, the 'ouse you're living in is yours for good and all. But you must 'urry up about it. There's only four months more before she comes o' age, and then she can do wot she likes."

"Never fear, Mr. Trimlett. I'll do my best. But I was goin' to ask—if you don't mind. Folks say as you'll 'ave trouble with that Mrs. Branson. You and 'er was very thick at one time, and they swear she'll 'ave you up for breach."

"She can't, George, she can't! I never wrote 'er a single line and never courted 'er. She might 'ave fancied at one time I 'ad some idear, but it was nothing."

Whilst Job was thus engaged in explaining away his amorous adventures, Sally Prentiss and Jim Bristow were strolling homewards towards Slodby.

"I know quite well," the girl was saying, "he would never have made any objection before, but since 'your stepfather began coming to the house, he's always praising him up to me."

"It makes me wild to think of that lazy old ruffian having the cheek to want to marry you!" said Jim. "Sally, if you only knew him as well as I do, you wouldn't let him into the house."

"But what can I do, Jim? It's father who invites him. I hate the sight of him."

"He did me out of the property that should have been mine by rights, and now he wants to take you from me," said Jim bitterly. "Mother would have left me at least half, but he told her not to divide it. Said I could have it all after his death, and he wouldn't be long on earth as he believed he had consumption. I knew the consumption he meant. It was his meals he referred to. And mother hadn't been dead a month before he began hanging about after women."

"Yes, I heard about that. But I suppose it's because he's so brave and has seen such a lot of life that all the women take to him."

To her surprise, Jim burst out laughing.

"So he has fooled you, too, with his talk, Sally," said he. "Why, it's all rubbish. He never had any adventures. He was a sort of steward on a London to Margate boat and afterwards a waiter in a refreshment-room. He's never been out of England in his life."

"Good gracious, Jim! What an awful story-teller he must be! But isn't it a shame he should be going about boasting and deceiving everybody? People ought to be told he's a fraud. But, look—there's the nine o'clock express coming in. Father will be awfully vexed if I don't get back at once. No, don't come with me; he might see you. Good-bye till Thursday."

And she was off down the road as fast as she could go. Jim allowed her a fair start, and then walked slowly homewards.

For many months an engagement had been an understood fact between himself and Sally. But as his position as a clerk in a land agent's office was a poor one, they had not as yet made the engagement known. Then came the offer of a capital appointment as assistant-agent to the Draycott estate, almost the largest in Berkshire. But it was stipulated that the post was open to a married man only. Therefore, Jim had without delay approached George Prentiss for his consent to an early marriage with Sally. To Jim's amazement and open disgust, Sally's father refused his consent, and hinted, moreover, that Job Trimlett would be a more fitting husband.

It was a crushing blow to Jim, because Sally was still under age, and could not marry without her father's consent for some months yet.

Job grew confident of success, and at the Rose and Anchor he did not fail to throw out hints of a wedding coming off shortly. He grew more boastful even than before. The tale of his heroism in Spain was now more frequently trotted out and had a still more striking effect when the news came that a lion had escaped from Spofforth's menagerie. It was the same animal, Nero, that he himself had referred to so contemptuously. But rumours began to grow in Slodby that it had been sighted near by, and with these, ghastly tales of the havoc it had wrought.

It was Saturday afternoon and a select party was assembled in the hostelry. Job was there, of course, enthroned tightly in a huge arm-chair, and was, as usual, reciting the history of his exploit.

NO PREMIUM

Is paid by "P.W." readers. No long forms require endless filling. All you are asked to do is to sign the coupon on page 111. of the red cover, and the copy of "P.W." will insure you against railway accidents and other mishaps.

"Then the lion gave a fearful roar and sprang straight at me," he was saying, when a fearful shriek was heard outside and a rush of footsteps.

In through the door came dashing a dozen of the villagers, men and women, headed by Mrs. Branson and Jim Bristow.

"What's up?" cried the landlord, knocking over a glass in his excitement.

"Lion's coming into Slodby. It's in Joe Harker's cabbage garden now, a-eating of his donkey. I saw it."

"I saw it, too. Bigger'n a calf!" came in a dozen voices.

The next moment all the doors were closed with a bang, and the shutters on the windows made to perform their intended office.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Branson and Jim Bristow had whispered together for a moment, and now the latter stepped forward.

"Why, I never thought of it before. You've got that gun and ammunition, Mr. Judson, haven't you?" said he to the landlord. "The one Mr. Allbrow left. Well, just fetch it and give it to Mr. Trimlett. He'll go out and shoot the lion like he did the one in Spain."

A chorus of approval greeted the suggestion.

"Bravo, Jim Bristow, you've got a 'ead on you! 'Urry up, Mr. Judson, with that there gun. Mr. Trimlett will soon give that lion wot for!"

Job's terror at this suggestion required a lot of concealment. For a moment he thought of getting under the table and shrieking for help. But his bulk forbade even that, so he turned to the crowd and tried to save himself.

"It would be no use going out," said he tremulously. "He'd run as soon as he caught sight o' me. Them lions are as 'cute as 'cute. They knows a chap as is likely to 'urt them."

"Never you mind, Mr. Trimlett," said the tailor. "You'll 'ave plenty of time to fire one shot at 'im and wound 'im. That'll make 'im 'im mad, and he'll come for you like the other one did. Then you 'ave him." And he bit a dry laugh with the air of a man who has solved a problem.

"Besides," said another, "you're just the build o' chap he wants. A sizey fat man'll just tempt 'im."

Again the crowd assented, and Job, to his horror, experienced a feeling of impending disaster.

Someone began to unbar the door, and Job could already feel the teeth of the savage Nero in his own well-fed carcass, when Mrs. Branson called out in a calm voice: "Stop opening that door. Job Trimlett ain't a-going to risk his life."

"Nonsense!" said a dozen people at once. "Wot's it got to do with you? He's used to lions."

"Asn't it got something to do with me? Well, it 'as, see!" said the widow firmly. "Me and 'im's going to be married next week and I'm not going to 'ave my future 'usband torn to pieces."

All eyes were turned on Job, within whose soul a terrible struggle was going on. Which was he to choose? He didn't want Mrs. Branson. He didn't like her face. He was certain he would be as clay in her hands. But if he rejected her, he would be either branded as a coward with all his reputation gone, or else—Nero!

"Mrs. Branson's right," said he, with a sigh. "My life ain't my own to risk or I'd face half a dozen lions. But she won't let me go, so there's an end of it."

Half an hour afterwards Boodle, the village constable, discovered the besieged hostelry, and on hearing their tale, was happy to inform them that the missing lion had been caught the night before, and was again in custody.

"What a clever boy you are!" said Sally afterwards to Jim. "How did you think of it?"

"I didn't," he admitted candidly; "it was Mrs. Branson. She knew all along—trust a woman for that—that Job was an awful coward. So, knowing that he spent his Saturday afternoon in the Rose and Anchor she arranged to meet me at Harker's gate. She then told me what to do, and the two of us came running into Slodby. We pretended to be in a terrible fright, and we told everyone we met we had seen the lion. They were terrified, too, and began to fancy that they saw Nero in the distance. So that when we got to the Rose and Anchor we all looked scared enough for anything. The rest was easy after that."

"Now that I'm sure of you, Sally," he continued, "I don't bear Job any ill-will. But if I did want satisfaction I fancy I should have it shortly. Job's wife will see to that."

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SMASH THAT SOVE EIGN!

Odd Laws About Our Coinage.

It is the duty of each loyal subject not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight, but to break it.

"Every person," so runs the Act, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break, or deface such coin tendered to him in payment, and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

The weight at which a sovereign ceases to be good as currency is anything below 122½ grains, and as one sovereign in thirty-three, and one half sovereign in ten are under their legal weight, it would seem that we ought, each of us, to provide ourselves with a delicate set of pocket scales and weights unless we remain content to be inveterate breakers of the Act of 1870.

But in spite of this Act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago, a Grimsby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing-machine, and, as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold coin in this country, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds-worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into fine dust in John Bull's pockets.

The Coinage Act of 1870 empowers the Sovereign to determine the design for any coin—gold, silver or bronze. Had it seemed good to George V. to desire that sixpenny-bits should be made with a hole in the centre, the Mint would have had no choice but to comply.

The jury, who actually try the coins are "twelve competent freemen of the mystery of goldsmiths of the City of London."

Every one knows that it is an offence to deface a coin of the realm. Yet jewellers melt up thousands of them every month of the year. On the face of it the practice seems illegal, yet it is not really so, for the law only steps in if a person attempts to pass a coin after tampering with it.

Jewellers find sovereigns the best of all gold to work with, for, owing to the tremendous pressure they have to bear in the Mint, they are more ductile than any other gold. Besides, a sovereign melted down is still worth 19s. 10d.

IT WAS CURIOUS.

"Come in."

The door opened to admit a shabby-looking individual, the shine on whose coat would have done credit to the hardest-working shoeblack.

"Are you the gentleman," he began, "who found a purse and advertised the fact in the papers to-day?"

"I am."

"It contained money?"

"Yes, it contained a very large sum of money."

"You mentioned that the owner could recover the purse by giving you a description of it?"

"That is so. But you will have to give an accurate account of the purse, its contents, and how you came to lose it."

"I haven't lost a purse."

"Eh? Then why do you come here and make these inquiries?"

"I called out of curiosity to see what a man looks like who finds a large sum of money and advertises it in the papers instead of having a good time. Good morning, sir!"

KIND LADY (at children's party): "Well, my little man, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Little Man (tugging at uncomfortable neck-wear): "Somethin' what don't wear a collar."

HUSBAND AND WIFE

You can't have another honeymoon, but you can accept our invitation to come to London together to witness the Cup final and have a jolly good time. You'll find particulars on page 515.

£250 A WEEK

Offered for Football Results.

MANY tens of thousands of our readers take a keen interest in Association Football, and we have therefore devised this Competition with the purpose of enabling them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

You may submit one coupon only, but different members of one family may inclose their entry forms for the same competition in the same envelope. No other communication must be inclosed.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend THE LONDON MORNING LEADER Penny Football Annual, in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of individual players, and last season's matches.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address in ink. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL No. 21," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, February 24th.
3. Only one coupon can be accepted from each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given.
8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

£2,749 NOW AWARDED — BIG CASH PRIZES — YOU MAY WIN THIS TIME.

TRIPLETS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

To make a "Triplet" you take any one of the three phrases of three words given in the next column and add to it three additional words which begin with the same letters as the words of the phrase you have chosen. These initial letters may be used in any order you like, and the words you think out should have some bearing on the phrase selected. It is the three words you add that are called a "Triplet."

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form, or they will be disqualified. Two Triplets may be written on one entry form; but any number of entry forms may be sent in provided each entry form is accompanied by a postal order for 6d.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must be inclosed.
3. Mark your envelope "Triplets No. 36" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, February 23rd.
5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to O. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten Triplets which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Triplet thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.
7. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 21

Matches to be played on Saturday, Feb. 25th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Bradford City	v Grimsby Town
Derby County	v Everton
Darlington	v Swindon
West Ham United	v Manchester United
Wolverhampton W.	v Chelsea
* Middlesbrough or	v Blackburn Rovers or
Leicester Fosse	v Tottenham Hotspur
Newcastle United	v Hull City
Burnley	v Brighton and Hove or
Bury	v Coventry City
Preston North End	v Bristol City
Sheffield United	v Oldham Athletic
Woolwich Arsenal	v Sheffield Wednesday
Barnsley	v Notts Forest
Clapton Orient	v Birmingham
Leeds City	v Blackpool
Bristol Rovers	v Fulham
Luton	v Southend United
	v Norwich City

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

(*) Mark out losing teams in the replayed Second Round Cup-ties, and in giving forecasts take into consideration only those clubs actually taking part in the matches to be played on February 25th.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature

Address

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 18.
The prize of £25 has been divided by the following, each of whom had only four results incorrect:

W. A. Sadler, Banbury; L. Bacon, Pinxton, Derbys.; E. Owen, Wolverhampton; Thomas Hill, Edenfield; E. Gant, Bromley-by-Bow; P. McArdle, Yoker; F. Ford, Exeter; G. Bennett, Stoke-on-Trent; F. C. Pledger, Cambridge; J. B. Goodram, Westcliff-on-Sea; J. Dukes, Birmingham; Miss M. Martin, Plymouth; W. Boyce, Great Yarmouth; R. Henderson, South Shields; Mrs. A. F. Mullin, Normanton; S. Hallworth, Manchester; A. Clarke, Walthamstow; Mrs. A. M. Popplestone, Southampton; T. Osborn, Greenwich; S. Handford, Reddish; Stockport; T. A. Bashford, Hereford; A. Tosh, Leith; J. M. Haslin, Plymouth; H. W. Yates, Birmingham; C. Roberts, Scarborough.

8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

The three phrases from which you are invited to make Triplets are as follows:

SMART BOY WANTED:
WHITEWASHING THE CEILING:
FATHER TURNS MILLINER:

Example, not to be used, showing how to make Triplets:

Phrase: WHITEWASHING THE CEILING.

Example: WHETS COOK'S TEMPER.

Result of Triplets No. 33 appears on Page 3 of Red Cover.

ENTRY FORM. TRIPLETS No. 36.

No. of Postal Order

Phrase Selected

Triplet

Phrase Selected

Triplet

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed

Address

"Take a pair of sparkling eyes." "Take a wisp of golden hair." "Take a face and figure fair."

THE GREAT NAIL SWINDLE.

The Willy Way of the Swatcher Who Sells You Screws and Nails.

THE extraordinary interest aroused throughout the country by our recent articles on the methods of the "swatcher" continues to show itself in the number of letters daily received at this office, telling how the writers have been victimised by his tricks.

The following remarkable incident comes to us from a reader who is a buikler in a fair way of business.

His story is as follows:

I was working in my office off the yard one day, when a traveller's brougham drove up, and a smart-looking fellow stepped out.

After the usual palaver he asked:

"What do you think of that for a penny a pair?"

With a somewhat elaborate flourish he banged a pair of hinges on my table.

Now I was not particularly keen on buying hinges, but I really could not help picking up his sample and examining it closely, and on doing so I found that it was a hinge which I could nowhere obtain for less than sixpence. I was astonished at his price.

"How many dozen can I send you?" he asked.

"Make it a quarter of a gross to start with," I replied.

While he booked the order he gave me a sample of cut nails to examine. "A nice nail that, sir," he remarked. "You have never bought that nail under ten shillings a hundredweight?"

"Well?" I asked, for he had hit the exact price.

"My price is five shillings a hundredweight."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed suspiciously. "You can't do it. Why, the biggest firm in the country couldn't sell under double that price."

"Nor could we," he answered quietly, "if we bought in the same market as they do. But we don't. We buy from the railways, and as we buy by the thousand ton we can get special rates—and the railways will take almost any price for their undelivered and unclaimed stuff."

"Then put me down for a ton," I said, reassured by his self-confidence.

"Thank you, sir. Now, as you seem to know a good thing when you see it," he continued, "what do you think of that?"

He showed me a packet of mixed screws.

"Of course, they're mixed, and that's a drawback, I admit," he said, "but even so, they are thundering cheap at sixty-five shillings a hundredweight. I have got the stuff in the brougham."

Now, I was not at all anxious to buy the screws. And as I had already made over £5 on my buying, I thought I'd had enough.

He pressed, but I put him off. Finally, not wishing to be rough on a man with whom I had done such good business, I made the excuse.

"You see, I'd take them like a shot if they were properly sorted—"

"Quite so," he interrupted. "Look here!"

He produced from his pocket plans of a complicated-looking machine.

"That," he said, "is the plan of a machine that will be in this district within seven days. It can sort a hundredweight of screws in seven minutes. Very well! We will send along for your hundredweight, and sort it for you for nothing."

Finally I gave in under his persuasions, reflecting that, after all, I had done so very well on the other deals that I might stretch a point in this.

I handed him the sixty-five shillings, and he drove off, leaving me, of course, the screws.

That was the last I ever heard of him, or his hinges, or his cut nails.

On examining and weighing the screws I found that I had been badly "had." I could have bought them anywhere at forty-five shillings per hundredweight.

The sorting machine existed only in the fertile brain of the "swatcher."

I afterwards discovered that ten similar transactions had taken place in this district on the same day.

As the "swatcher" made a clear £1 on each deal his gross profit for the day thus works out at no less than £10.

(Next week the "knife-machine" and the flash ring swatcher will be dealt with.)

OUR "KNOWLEDGE TESTS."

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 12.

(1) DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM.

The prize of 10s. 6d. for the winning attempt in this contest has been awarded to Miss M. A. Perry, Tendring, Wexley, Essex, who sent the following:

The difference between Socialism and Anarchism is that Socialism is a system which aims at co-operation for the common good, whereas Anarchism is 'literally' a want of system, a state of society in which every man acts for himself as he thinks fit.

(2) THE MISSING LINK.

The definition of this term selected as the best was received from C. W. Packford, 32 Gt. Western Street, Aylesbury, and was thus expressed:

Darwin's theory of the origin and development of mankind has led many to suppose there must be a "connection" between man and the ape. This imaginary being is "the missing link," which would prove the theory to be correct.

(3) LAW OF ENTAIL.

H. V. Verrells, 253 Burdett Road, Bow, supplied the winning definition, which reads as follows:

This law makes it possible for property to be kept in one family for successive generations. A man whose property is entailed cannot sell or otherwise dispose of it. At his death it passes to his heir or next-of-kin.

(4) FATHER OF THE CHAPEL.

The winner in this contest is Mrs. L. Pharaoh, 14A Oakdale Road, Streatham, to whom the prize of 10s. 6d. has been sent. Her explanation of the above phrase was as follows:

"Chapel," in printers' parlance, means "workshop," originating from the fact that early printing-presses were placed in chapels attached to abbeys. "Father of the Chapel" is the name given to the chairman of the meetings of journeymen printers assembled to decide any point of common interest.

(5) THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been sent to C. E. Laurence, Walsley Rectory, Market Rasen, who submitted the following:

The seven sleepers of Ephesus, a favourite subject in mediæval art, were seven Christians who, to escape the persecution of Decius, concealed themselves in a cave whose mouth was closed by their enemies. The cave was rediscovered 200 years afterwards, when the sleepers awoke youthful and in perfect health.

(6) HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

The winning attempt was contributed by Miss J. M. Pottinger, 5 Wallfield Place, Aberdeen, who receives the prize of 10s. 6d. for the following:

We apply the term "Horns of a Dilemma" to a situation in which a person is confronted by two opposite and conflicting lines of conduct, the advantages or disadvantages of which appear to balance; hence the analogy to the "horns" of an animal.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

You will often see, when reading a speech or an article, that some word or phrase is used which, though easily understood by most, is not to be found in the dictionary.

In our everyday conversation, too, we are in the habit of employing phrases which would cause us some little trouble to define properly.

You are probably familiar with every word in the following list.

Nevertheless, we will give half-a-guinea to readers who send in the best definition in ordinary, common-sense language of any one of the words or phrases:

- (1) Market Overt.
- (2) Letters Patent.
- (3) Mandamus.
- (4) French Leave.
- (5) Running the Gauntlet.
- (6) Tuft-hunting.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and attach your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, February 23rd.

SINGING TO GOLD MINERS.

Mlle. GOLDA.

The new Singer from Australia tells of her Life in a Gold Mining Camp.

I THINK I may safely say that I have had a more adventurous career than most women, certainly more so than the average music-hall artiste.

Born in Sydney, Australia, I spent my earliest years quietly enough at a convent where I first learnt to sing. A few years later, after the death of my mother, my two brothers started for Western Australia to try their luck prospecting in the gold mines, and I made up my mind to accompany them, and try my luck too.

On our arrival, I found that I was the only white woman in the whole camp—or, for that matter, for many miles around—and although it may sound a somewhat strange situation, I must say that I had a thoroughly good time.

For companions I had my dog, cat, and a bird, and, though the latter soon died through the intense heat, I was never really lonely, for the only white woman in a colonial camp is quite a queen in her own little way.

The miners treated me royally, and the gins (the natives) would come any distance to see the only white woman in the neighbourhood, and bring me all sorts of queer presents. One interesting old native brought me a baby kangaroo, which grew up quite an intelligent little creature and used to follow me about like a dog.

With the help of my brothers and some of the more experienced miners, I soon became quite an expert in prospecting myself, and have brought back a number of fine specimens which I secured "all on my own."

Some of you may think that prospecting is rather a strange occupation for a woman, and the camp life rather undesirable. Naturally, the life is rough, and we all slept with revolvers under our pillows, but this was merely as a precaution against the native with a burglarious intent or a similar attention from one of the many undesirable blacks who are to be found wandering round the mining districts of the Colonies.

It was here that I gave my first concerts—quite *al fresco* ones they were—out in the open after the day's work in the mines had finished, and they were certainly the most successful ones I shall ever give.

You can hardly imagine the enthusiasm of the men when I sang to them "Robin Adair" and other old ballads, and in proof of their appreciation they all subscribed and sent to Sydney and bought me a grand piano. It had a terrible time, that poor piano, blistered and scorched with the heat, but when one is miles and miles from civilisation the condition of the case of a piano is of minor importance—to have one at all is something to be thankful for. After my grand piano arrived I gave regular concerts, which the miners considered quite an honour to be allowed to attend, and any breach of the laws of the camp was punished by banishment from the concerts for a given time, according to the enormity of the offence.

On one occasion a miner had committed some trifling offence, and as punishment he was chained to a log at some distance from the camp during the evening concert. Imagine our astonishment when, just as I was starting my second song, he arrived, carrying the log to which he was chained on his shoulder, much to the amusement of his companions. However, we forgave him, and he was allowed to remain.

I suppose the most trying moment I had during my stay in the mining camp was when our "cook" was speared by a native within a few yards of where I was standing.

During the day all the men were busy prospecting, and one was generally left in charge of the camp to prepare the food. At the time I had not been out in the West very long, and had no idea that such things might happen, and when an apparently poor old black asked for food I sent him round to the "cook" without any misgivings. A few seconds later the black had fled and our poor faithful Bill was lying unconscious with a wound in his shoulder. Then I had to turn hospital nurse.

When my brothers "struck lucky" they sent me to Paris to study under Mme. Marchesi. I must also say that Mme. Melba has been more than kind, helping me with advice, and has taken a most sympathetic interest in my career.

ECONOMY

One Man Earns

THIRTY-SIX shillings for a man with a as reported a few £600 out of such

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ECONOMY EXTRAORDINARY.

One Man Earned Only £25 a Year and Saved nearly £2,500.

THIRTY-SIX shillings a week is no great income for a man with a wife and family, and the wife who as reported a few weeks ago, managed to save over £600 out of such an income was a treasure indeed.

But even she was not a match for a certain journeyman butcher named Thomas Pett, who dined in Clifford's Passage a good many years ago. His wages were but £25 a year, and within thirty years, by the exercise of an economy of the most amazing description, and of course by wonderfully clever investments, he amassed a fortune of £2,475, which he left to distant relatives whom he had never even seen.

It is told of Pett that his extravagance was a pint of porter every Saturday. He did not begin this until he had reached a thousand pounds, and afterwards, when the duty on beer was raised, he cut his allowance to half a pint.

Some people seem to have habits of economy ingrained, and though their circumstances may be humble, and their wages small, yet they manage to startle everyone by the amount they leave behind them.

NO FAITH IN BANKS.

Only the other day the will of an out-porter at Ealton railway station showed that he had died worth the sum of £6,000.

Some people employ the strangest methods of saving. An old man of seventy-six, who was found lying ill in a squalid back room in Pimlico and was removed to the Fulham workhouse, was found to have saved £750 out of the pension of fifteen shillings a week upon which he had lived.

All the money, together with fifteen handsome gold watches, he kept in a locker in a safe deposit in the city. He would not trust any bank with his savings, and probably paid as much rent for his savings as he did for himself.

Consumers of gas on the penny-in-the-slot principle often use the meter as a savings' bank, being confident that the collectors will return to them any extra money found in the box.

At Wigan, in one year the coins found by the gas company collectors, apart from the legitimate penny, were five sovereigns, ten half sovereigns, four half-crowns, 465 florins, 502 shillings, 134 sixpences, and a large number of threepenny bits and halfpennies.

An old woman was brought into the Rue St. Ambrose police station in Paris, charged with being noisy in the street. She was lame, and walked with two sticks. With one of these she threatened the inspector, and in consequence he took it away from her.

WHEN THE CAP CAME OFF.

This distressed her so that the inspector was about to return it when he noticed that it had a screw cap and also that its weight was very much out of the common.

It proved to contain £120 in gold pieces, and the other stick an equal amount. All this money the old woman had saved out of money earned as a rag-picker, her average earnings not exceeding eight shillings a week.

No one is so poor that they cannot save. A blind beggar named Martin who lived for more than forty years at the French village of Clermont Ferrand was found to have left such a huge hoard of copper coins in his room that the floor was actually breaking down under their weight. There were over 60,000 of them in all, worth £160.

How he managed to collect them was a complete mystery to every one who had known him, for it was pretty certain that his total income could not have exceeded six shillings a week.

Hawkers very often make good money, but they do not, as a rule, save. Yet a hawker named Forrest, whose residence was a caravan and who died at South Shields a few years ago, left £12,000.

It was found that he had invested his savings in house property, buying so cleverly that he had turned over considerable profits.

RABBIS MUST NOT RING

And some Indians are not Allowed to Eat Fish.

The late Lord Swaythling once asked a number of foreign rabbis to dinner. They all came except one, and after waiting a few minutes the party sat down. Presently there was a commotion below, and the host, going out, found the servants ejecting a bearded gentleman.

It appears that this was the missing guest, who had lost his way and, arriving late, had found the front door closed. It being against the Jewish regulations for a rabbi to ring or knock, he had gone round to the back, where, being unable to make himself understood, he had been turned out by the domestics.

The Hindu hierarchy at times issues amazing orders, which are faithfully obeyed by all their followers. In October, 1903, the whole province of Behar was agitated by one of these mysterious orders, which was to the effect that for the space of two and a half days sons should not look upon their fathers nor fathers upon their sons. Business was seriously hampered, for thousands left their respective villages.

The most curious of all India's strange sects were the Thugs, who worshipped Kali, wife of Siva the Destroyer. They founded a vast secret society united by signs and a secret language.

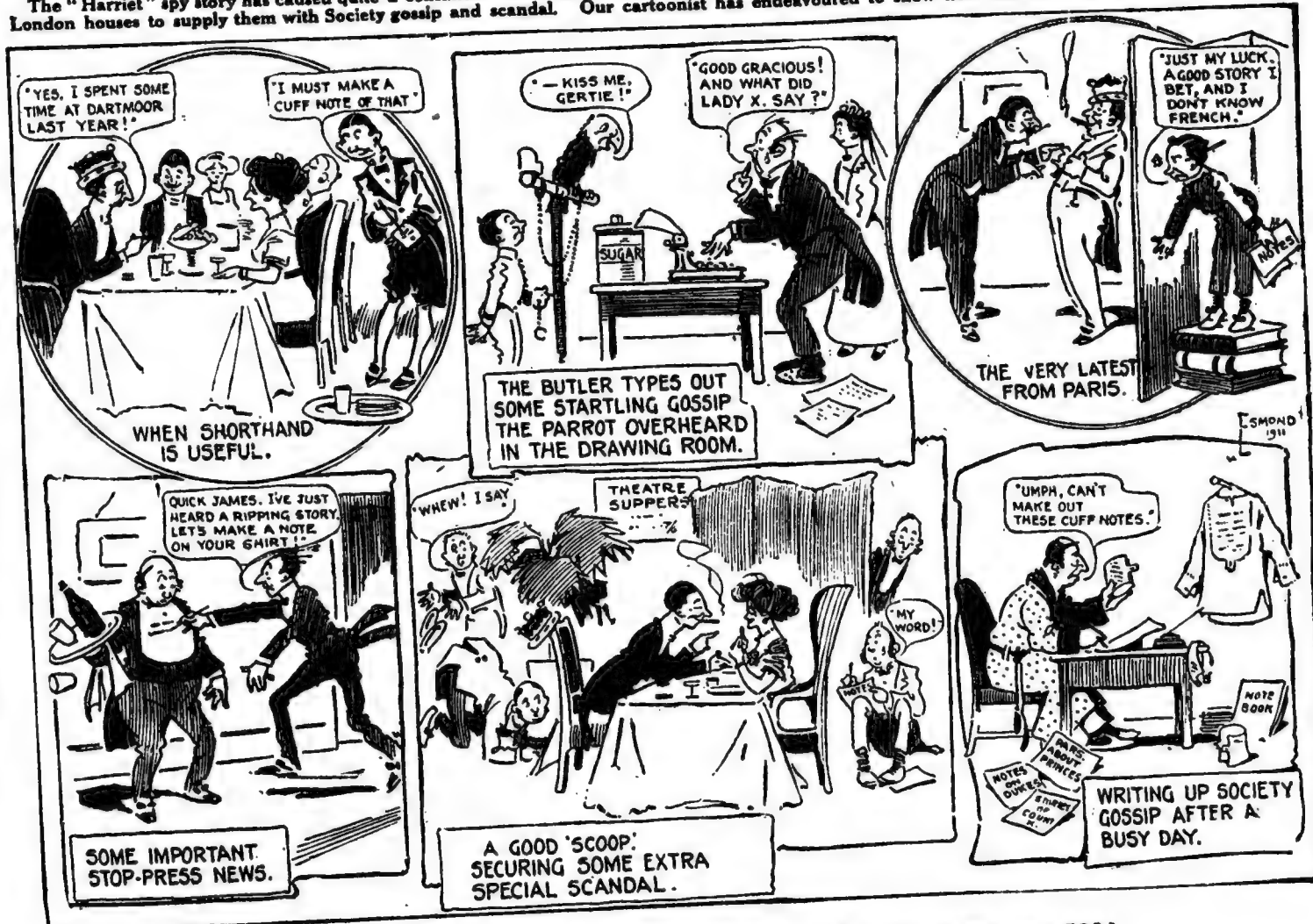
They lived by robbery, but would never steal until they had murdered their victim. Before their murderous expeditions their rules forced them to purify themselves. They were also enjoined never to shed a drop of blood, and never to inflict pain. That is why they killed by strangling.

Deformed persons and sellers of oil were safe from them, and their first victim might not be a woman. They invariably buried their victims carefully and decently. To-day, owing to the strict enforcement of British law, the Thugs are pretty nearly extinct.

The Navajo Indian, of the South-Western States, is not permitted by his religion to eat fish. He would rather die of starvation than swallow a mouthful of any finned thing. Nor will he make his camp fire of wood taken from a tree struck by lightning.

SOCIETY GOSSIP MADE HERE.

The "Harriet" spy story has caused quite a sensation. We were told that the American newspapers pay the butlers and other servants in large London houses to supply them with Society gossip and scandal. Our cartoonist has endeavoured to show how this information may be obtained.



Half-a-guinea for the best recipe. Mark postcards "Recipe." (See page 528.)

I HATE BARGAIN SALES.

Another Violent Outburst by Our Cantankerous Crank.

I HATE them chiefly because they are only half true. They are sales, but those articles which are sold cannot be called bargains. Even a crank does not like his crankiness to extend to his boots or his shirts, or his collars, and I am too poor to buy cheap clothes. That is the privilege of the millionaire.

The greatest bargain I ever purchased was a second-hand motor cycle.

She was a dear little thing—so dear that she cost me eventually rather more than a new one. How proudly did I wheel her home in the dark with the discreet moonlight shining on her gleaming handle-bars, and veiling the bare places where the enamel was chipped.

After a fortnight's toil, early and late, I got her running, and at the end of a swift, glorious run of one mile, the lamp bracket fetched adrift, depositing a very fine lamp that was worth a pound and had actually cost 25s. in the road. So I had to stop my fretting steed, and she never started again for a week.

I have now replaced the lamp-bracket, the carburettor, the belt, and the throttle, and she goes remarkably well. In fact, I have strong hopes of selling her next Easter for half the sum I paid for her.

The cheapest shirts that ever wrapped my athletic form in their snowy folds were bought at a sale. They were of the stiff dress variety, and were marked 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 8s., respectively. The vendors sacrificed them for 12s. the three.

When I put them on first they seemed all right, but after their first wash, when I tried to attach a collar in the usual fashion, the sensation recalled strangulation, and if someone had not released me I should not be telling you the story now.

Suspecting my collars, for, never having owned such expensive shirts before, I admired the garments immensely, I bought a dozen new ones from the seller of the shirts for 5s., usual price 10s. 6d.

I tried these collars on my old shirts, and they were inches too big for my neck. Wrongly sized. That's why they were cheap, I suppose. The sale price shirts, of course, had shrunk. Finally, I gave both collars and shirts to the gardener. We have a new gardener now.

But, apart from the merits or demerits of sale articles, you always have to buy them out of season. The merchant gets rid of his surplus furs in July, and gives away muslin in December. I bought the jolliest ice-skates I ever had one bright June morning, but the rivets had all fallen out before I had a chance to use my pretty new skates; and the mice had eaten the tennis racquet I secured at an after-Christmas sale, before the summer came! 'Twas ever thus!

Of course, many of the really very cheap things you can snap up now and again are useless to any man ever born. Consider, for instance, the lounge suit, bearing a Savile Row maker's name, a misfit for a man fifty-six inches round the chest, with an inside-leg measurement of forty-eight inches. I bought it, but it was no use to wear. It covered the dining-room furniture though, and there was enough stuff left to make a little rug for the perambulator.

My wife snaffled a delicious little pair of boots not long ago. Originally designed for the Grand Duchess of Blitzenberg, they turned out slightly narrow over the instep for Her Royal Highness, being small twos in size. But they were dirt cheap at fifteen shillings, and will do nicely for baby when she is older. Baby is eighteen months old at present.

You see, there is always a fly in the amber. One can't expect to get a really sound object for less than half the cost price. But if you combine the talents of an engineer, upholsterer, tailor, bootmaker, cycle-bodger, French polisher, and strong-active-man-willing-to-make-himself-useful-in-any-capacity-not-afraid-of-work-highest-refs., you may in the course of a long life, by spending a lot of money, buy something at a bargain sale that can be turned to good account.

But I don't think you will.

YOUR BEST FRIEND

would like to spend a happy day in your company. Then why not both come, at our expense, to see the Cup Final? There won't be any "extras." We pay for everything. If you don't believe it, look at the page opposite, and see for yourself.

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

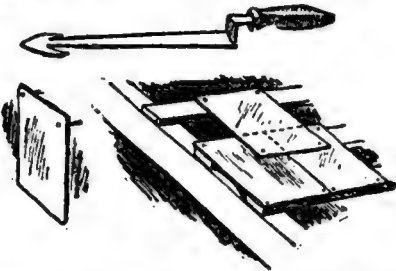
A NOVEL BAKING-TIN.

Hot pies and tarts frequently stick to the pan in which they are baked, which makes it a difficult matter to remove them undamaged. To prevent this the simple device illustrated is attached to the latest in baking-tins. It is made of tin and is bent to the shape of the pan. When the cutter is revolved by means of the pivot in the centre it makes a clean cut under the pastry, and removes the most stubborn tart without damaging it.



TO PUT THE SLATES ON.

When slates on a roof need repairing the tiler makes use of the knife illustrated to remove the damaged ones. He forces the knife under the slates, and

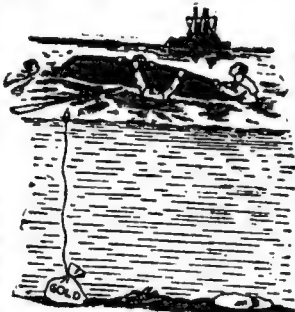


by means of the notch at the end of his tool cuts the wooden pegs that hold the slates in position. The knife is also used as a lever to raise tiles, in order to slip adjoining slates in position.

PROTECTING JACK'S PAY.

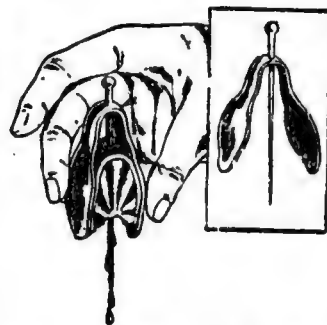
When one of his Majesty's ships is at anchor in a river or a few miles from the shore, arrangements are made for the safety of the wages of the crew.

The paymaster who has to go ashore to the bank takes with him two marines as an escort. One of the marines carries a length of rope long enough to reach the bottom of the sea or river, at one end of which is attached a float something similar to the type of float used by fishermen. When the money, which is usually a large amount of gold, is drawn from the bank, the paymaster returns with his escort, and the bag of gold is tied to the other end of the rope. Should there be an accident and the boat be over-turned, the float indicates the position of the bag of gold, which can then be recovered without the necessity of employing divers.



GUIDES THE LEMON-JUICE.

There are occasions when it becomes necessary to use lemon-juice in small quantities, as, for instance, when it is employed as a condiment or flavouring for food on the plate.



In such cases the cook's squeezers are out of the question, and recourse is had to the finger and thumb, which themselves become more or less messy with the juice. The little device here shown is intended to overcome this inconvenience. It is made of silver, so that the acid does not affect it, and in form resembles a pair of tweezers, the two sides being enlarged in the middle. The piece of fruit is kept in place by the pin or skewer, which transfixes the slice, and keeps it from slipping away.

ROYAL PETS I'VE PAINTED.

Miss FRANCES FAIRMAN,

the Most Famous Living Painter of Dogs, tells How She Painted "Cæsar."

FOR several years now I have been honoured by receiving commands to paint Royal pets. For I commenced painting dogs belonging to members of the Royal Family at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, and I have continued to receive similar commands at various times ever since.

Are dogs bad sitters? Well, just as in the case of human beings, it depends on the dog. Some dogs make excellent sitters, some dogs are very troublesome; but, as a general rule, the older a dog is, the better sitter he makes. I have noticed this point especially when I have been asked to paint the same dog at different times—first, when he was a puppy, and again when he had grown up.

I have generally found that I have allowed myself too little time in which to paint the puppy, but, on the other hand, when he had grown up, I have found my picture finished much sooner than I had expected.

I have just finished my latest painting for Queen Alexandra, a picture of two red and white Japanese spaniels, called Togo and Haru.

They are great favourites with her Majesty, and in return they simply adore their mistress. Togo was a present to Queen Alexandra from the Emperor of Japan, and he is, of course, a perfect specimen of the Japanese spaniel. The Emperor sent her Majesty eight, I believe, but the long journey to England, and the sudden changes of temperature they had to pass through on the way, proved too much for the strength of some of them, and Togo is the only survivor.

Togo and Haru, being frisky little fellows, full of life, were frankly bored by my efforts to get them on canvas.

Togo, in particular, seemed to feel it beneath his dignity to sit to an artist in whom he was not in the least interested. They had to be coaxed to keep their pose by servants, and were bribed to be good with biscuits or anything else they might fancy.

Togo has the sweetest little habit of looking up at the Queen with his head a little on one side, and I wanted to get just that expression in the picture.

It was extremely difficult, however, for I could never get him to look at me or at anyone else, except the Queen, in just the same way. I was, in fact, only when her Majesty was in the room that he would do it, and I had to make the most of her visits in order to catch the expression.

The dogs sat to me at the Palace, of course, and this was particularly helpful, because the Queen came frequently to see her pets and made suggestions for the picture. The Queen is such a true artist herself that I have always valued her criticisms very much.

When her Majesty entered the room the sitting, in the strict sense of the word, always ended for a time; the joy of Togo and Haru was unbounded, and nothing would induce them to continue their pose.

I was specially honoured, in November, 1908, by the Queen's command to paint a portrait of the famous wire-haired fox-terrier Cæsar, King Edward's constant companion.

This portrait had to be done very quickly, for I only received the command a very short time before November 9th, and the Queen wished the picture to be a birthday surprise for the King.

Soon after I had commenced the picture, the vet. came to say he had to take Cæsar away as he was unwell, and required treatment. As the picture was then a secret, it was impossible to appeal to his Majesty for permission to continue the sitting, and there was some delay before I could get Cæsar again.

At the next sitting, however, he posed beautifully, but just when everything seemed to be going smoothly he dropped down and went off to sleep, absolutely refusing to be roused.

I succeeded, however, in having the picture ready for presentation to King Edward on his last birthday.

I should have liked to put a few finishing touches to it, but his Majesty very graciously said that he liked the picture as it was.



P.C. Wicher

For nearly American City that is to say were terrorised notorious robbery

Banks were mansions were set on fire and killed, and an information to in any way, sooner or later

Many attention and especially two "James" It is with onecerns itself, for the hero, that ever was such it deserves

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P.C. Wicher's Plucky Attempt to Capture Two Desperate Murderers.

For nearly ten years after the close of the great American Civil War, between 1865 and 1875 that is to say, the States of Kansas and Missouri were terrorised by a band of outlaws, led by two notorious robbers named Jesse and Frank James.

Banks were robbed, trains were held up, great mansions were rifled, and in some cases wantonly set on fire and burned. All who resisted were killed, and anyone suspected by the gang of giving information to the authorities, or helping them in any way, was also pretty certain to be murdered sooner or later.

Many attempts were made to break up the gang, and especially to capture or kill the ringleaders, the two "James Boys," as they were generally called. It is with one of these attempts that our story concerns itself. It ended in failure, and disastrously for the hero, but it was one of the pluckiest things that ever was tried to be done for all that, and as such it deserves to be recorded.

DEAF TO HIS WIFE'S PLEADING.

The central figure of the drama was a certain John Wicher, a New York policeman, and as plucky a man as ever wore shoe-leather. He also was something of an enthusiast, and his whole nature revolted at the accounts of the cruel deeds that were continually being perpetrated by the James Boys and their band of cut-throats.

He took to reading the accounts of their crimes aloud to his young and pretty wife, whom he had just married, but she only shuddered, and begged him to desist. Then he talked them over with his fellow constables, and finally he got the idea into his head that he was called upon to catch the James Boys, and to wind up their careers of crime.

His wife now grew seriously alarmed, and begged him not to enter on any such dangerous enterprise, but he was deaf to even her entreaties. He got leave of absence from his superiors, called on Allan Pinkerton, the head of America's most famous detective agency, and begged that gentleman to send him to Missouri after the James Boys.

But Mr. Pinkerton demurred. Several would-be James Boys-catchers had already come to grief, and this unpleasant fact was impressed upon Wicher. It did not serve as a warning, however; on the contrary, it only seemed to increase his zeal in his self-chosen task. So Pinkerton at last consented.

Wicher at this was in high glee. He hurried home, kissed his young wife, and told her he was a made man.

DISGUISED AS A TRAMP.

Wicher disguised himself as a tramp and started off to catch the James Boys, who were supposed to be hiding just then in the backwoods of Clay County, Missouri.

But before starting to try and penetrate to the actual lair of the outlaws, Wicher did what he thought was a necessary thing, and yet which turned out to be the most foolish and fatal thing he could possibly have done. He went to the Sheriff of Clay County, told him who he was, and showed him his credentials. The detective called openly upon the Sheriff, and was seen walking with him arm in arm.

The next day he put on his tramp disguise and went off into the woods by himself to reconnoitre. The day was fine, and Wicher felt as fine as the day. He was now convinced that the dream of his life was about to be realised, and he smiled as in imagination he saw himself pointed out by the detectives in New York as the man who wound up the James robberies. He smiled also as he thought how proud his pretty wife would be of her famous husband. He was so happy that he whistled like a boy.

Suddenly, as he passed a pile of dead brush, a tough-looking man with a big beard and a bigger pistol sprang out and confronted him.

"Ain't you feeling pretty good for a tramp?" asked the rough-bearded man of the pretended vagrant as he raised his revolver and pointed it at him before the traveller could get a chance to draw his. Wicher must have felt nervous, but as the rough-bearded man said afterwards, he never

showed it. The two men stopped in the middle of the road, facing one another.

"Where are you going? What are you looking for?" asked the big-bearded man.

"I don't know that it is any of your business," said the tramp, "but if you want to know, I am looking for work. Have you got anything for me to do?"

The big bearded man only laughed aloud, and gave a peculiar whistle; and then two more men sprang from behind the dead brush, each man with a pistol.

Still Wicher didn't lose his nerve, and looked as if three men with pistols were ordinary every-day incidents. He tried to carry out the tramp-wanting-work idea, but it was of no avail. The more he protested the more the men laughed, and there was a sinister ring in their laughter that made him feel distinctly uneasy.

At last the big-bearded man threw off all pretence, and told Wicher that he was none other than Jesse James, and that his two companions were his brother Frank and another member of the band. "You ought to feel proud," he added sneeringly, "seeing you have travelled all the way from New York in order to catch the James Boys, at having found them so speedily."

Wicher made no reply. He only tried to get hold of his pistol. But at the first sign of movement on his part, the three outlaws sprang upon him and disarmed him.

Then Frank James bound the unfortunate detective with a small cord, which he kept in his pocket for binding victims, and gagged him.

Wicher must have seen his mistake by this time, and bitterly regretted it. Above all, he must have suffered agonies as he thought of the pretty and loving wife who was never to see him again. For he cherished no illusions. He must have felt sure that the James Boys were going to torture and

kill him, as they had tortured and killed others who had tried to catch them. And they did.

No Indian at the stake ever died more bravely, no Christian martyr ever perished more grandly, than this ill-starred detective, this John Wicher.

Nor was it a death died altogether in vain. For so cruel and cold-blooded a murder, preceded as it was by torture, aroused such bitter resentment against the perpetrators that no peace was granted them, either by night or by day. It was felt that such wild beasts in human shape must not on any account be allowed to cumber the earth.

They were hunted wherever and whenever they dared to show themselves, and eventually Jesse James was shot and killed, a fate that also overtook several less conspicuous members of his blood-thirsty gang.

(Next week: "Down the Crater of Death.")

THE WAY OF A REFORMER.

He was one of those sad-faced men who delight in becoming railway-carriage bores, and when he saw a happy-looking stranger smoking contentedly near by he felt compelled to ask a few questions.

"Sir," he began, "will you allow your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?"

"I have never given the question a moment's thought," replied the stranger.

The sad-faced man sighed.

"And," he went on faintly, "I suppose you have never thought about stopping his drinking?"

"I never have," admitted the man.

The sad-faced man positively gasped.

"Can it be true," he muttered, "that there are such monsters living; such hardened, callous—"

"But I think you ought to know," interrupted the stranger, "that I have been a confirmed bachelor all my life."

150 FREE TRIPS AT OUR EXPENSE.

ONE HUNDRED TO ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

The English Cup Final takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 22nd, and we are selecting 100 readers to view this famous football match. In addition to paying for the admission of these P.W. readers to the Palace grounds, we are also bearing the full expense of their visit to London. Our offer, therefore, includes:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.
- Hot breakfast.
- A drive in a char-a-banc round London.
- Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.
- A drive to the Crystal Palace.
- Admission to the Palace.
- Five-shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
- A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.
- Substantial tea.

This week eight free tickets—four pairs—for the English Cup Final are offered for the best Football Headers on "Preston North End," the name of one of Lancashire's best known football clubs.

HOW TO MAKE FOOTBALL HEADERS.

To make a Football Header you take the name of either of the football clubs given above and make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the first three letters, shown above in black type, of the name you have chosen. You may use the three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a Football Header.

Supposing you were given the club SWINDON, here is an example which will show at a glance how to make Football Headers:—Club: SWINDON. Football Header: SUGGESTS "IRON WAYS."

You will notice that we are awarding the tickets in pairs. This is to enable you to bring a friend with you so that your visit to London or Glasgow may be the more enjoyable.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed.
2. Envelopes with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Preston" on the top left-hand corner, and those for Scottish Final, "Falkirk." All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, February 23rd.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give, to view the English or Scottish Cup Final.
4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

The result of Football Headers No. 6 appears on Page 521.

FIFTY TO SCOTTISH CUP FINAL.

The final football match for the Scottish Cup has been provisionally fixed to take place on Saturday, April 8th, at Glasgow. We are arranging for the admission of 50 readers to view this match, and we propose to defray all the expenses of their visit to Glasgow or wherever the match may be held, as follows:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of Scotland to Glasgow.
- Hot dinner at twelve o'clock.
- A drive to the football field.
- Seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
- A drive back from the football field to Glasgow.
- Substantial tea.

This competition is open only to those domiciled in Scotland; for this reason it will appeal to every Scottish reader.

This week six free tickets—three pairs—for the Scottish Cup Final are offered for the best Football Headers on "FALKIRK," the name of the famous Scottish League club.

ENTRY FORM. "FOOTBALL HEADERS" 23/2 11.

(Write your three words clearly in ink.)

.....

Signed

Address

.....

Signed

Address

.....

Using the initial letters of the great railway companies, give words which are appropriate to the railway.



The Return of John Trant

A Little Love Story
that Grips.

By J. P. LOUGHNAN.

THE whole thing happened so quickly that Dick Wheeler could not realise it all at once. He saw the library door open, heard his servant announce "Mr. John Trant!" and there he was, left face to face with a man whom he had believed to be at the other side of the world.

Trant had not changed much in appearance or in habits apparently, judging by his uncertain step and glazed eye, and Wheeler found himself wondering how on earth so sweet a girl as Lucy Kemster could ever have promised to marry such a fellow.

Wheeler found himself shaking Trant's hand like one in a dream; then Trant's voice pulled him back to the reality of things.

"Well, Dick, old boy, how are you?" exclaimed Trant rather thickly. "You didn't expect to see me here to-day, I'll be bound, and you wouldn't have seen me, either, if I hadn't come ashore with such a jolly set of chaps that I couldn't get away from them until everything was blue, so to speak."

"If it hadn't been for that, Dick, old boy, I should have gone straight to call on Lucy; but that's out of the question just at present, so I've come here to ask you for something to take off the effects of my little spree, and then if you'll let me lie down on that sofa for an hour, I'll be as fit as a fiddle. You doctors are useful boys sometimes!"

Wheeler looked with undisguised disapproval at the shaking figure before him, and yet the man had been a decent enough fellow until he fell into bad company and took to the drink; but now—and he was engaged to Lucy Kemster! Wheeler pulled himself together with an effort.

"All right," he said; "go and lie down on the sofa, while I get you a draught from the surgery, but don't leave this room until you feel really fit; I'll tell you why. Lucy and her mother are coming here to tea to-day—they may arrive any moment—and you don't want them to see you like this, I imagine." Trant shook his head. "Very well, then, take my tip, and lie low until you feel better. Now I'll get you the draught."

Dr. Wheeler stepped briskly from the room, but half way across the hall he stood still as a sharp knock sounded upon the front door.

"James," he said, as his man-servant appeared in answer to the summons, "if that is Mrs. and Miss Kemster, show them into the dining-room, and then come to me in the surgery."

Wheeler heard the voices of his guests in the hall, and then James reappeared.

"Mrs. and Miss Kemster are in the dining-room, sir," he said.

Wheeler nodded.

"Take this into the library and give it to Mr. Trant," said he, placing a small tumbler in the man's hands. Then he hurried off to welcome the Kemsters.

And while Mrs. Kemster's tongue was busy with the polite tittle-tattle of the tea-table Wheeler argued with himself as to whether or no he should tell them about John Trant's unexpected appearance.

He decided in the end that he had better do so, as he could do it without giving the man away, and they might like to wait and see him. So, during a momentary pause in the conversation he turned to Lucy and, in as indifferent a tone as possible, remarked:

"I have a pleasant surprise in store for you."

Mother and daughter were all curiosity at once, so, without more ado, Wheeler gave them the news.

"John Trant has come home," he said.

He kept his eyes on Lucy's face as he spoke. Was it fancy, or did a look of disgust hover in her eyes at his words? He could not be sure, but he thought so.

"Where is Jack, and when did he arrive?" asked Mrs. Kemster.

"He arrived to-day, and he is here, in this house, having a nap after his journey," replied Wheeler. "Will you wait and see him?"

"If he wakes up before we go, perhaps he will

come in," said Lucy, and then Mrs. Kemster turned the conversation.

At half-past five they rose to go, without having seen any sign of John Trant. As soon as they had driven off Wheeler went to the library and peeped in. Trant was still lying on the sofa at the far end of the room, with his back to the door, apparently fast asleep.

Wheeler hesitated, then closed the door softly behind him and tip-toed over to where Trant lay. He looked down at the reclining figure, bent lower still; then, with a great start, went down on his knees and began, with trembling hands, to turn the sleeper on his back.

Beads of sweat gathered on the young doctor's brow and a great dryness gripped his throat as he hastily examined that prone figure on the sofa beside him. Then he rose and staggered over to where a telephone stood on a table in the corner. The number he called for was that of another medical man; but his voice sounded hollow and uncertain as he spoke, for the terrible truth held him horror-stricken. John Trant was dead!

Ten minutes later Dick Wheeler found himself sitting opposite his friend Dr. Wilson, listening mechanically while the other spoke, and hatefully conscious all the time of that motionless object on the sofa near by.

"Yes," Wilson was saying, "the man's heart was in a rotten condition, and the life he'd been leading had made it worse. He might have died at any moment, of course, so perhaps it is as well that he died here in the house of a friend. What? Would a drug have affected him? Why, of course, it would probably hasten the end, but then nobody gave him a drug, did they? I say, old man, what's the matter? You look jolly queer."

Wheeler rose from his chair and began to pace the room with long, uneven strides. He could not speak just at once, but presently he regained command of his voice, and turned a haggard face to his companion.

"Listen," he said hoarsely, "and I'll tell you just what happened. Trant turned up here quite unexpectedly this afternoon, having come back from the Far East without letting anyone know beforehand. He had been drinking heavily, and he asked me to give him a drug, as he wished to pay a visit to his sweetheart later in the afternoon."

"He was engaged to Lucy Kemster, you know," went on Wheeler, with emotion, "and I was expecting the girl and her mother here any minute. In fact they arrived just before I sent James in here with the draught. I told them he was here, and when they had gone, came in and found him like this. It's an awful thing. What will Lucy say?" he broke off disjunctly.

"You are thinking more of Lucy than yourself, old man."

"Why, of course. You see, I love her," said Wheeler simply.

Wilson nodded. "Yes, I guessed your secret," he said; "but, honestly, my dear chap, you mustn't judge yourself too harshly. You had no idea that his heart was affected, of course?"

"I never guessed it for one moment; but I ought to have made certain, you know. I am morally guilty, and must take the consequences. First of all, I must tell Lucy."

"You mean to do that?"

"Yes, I must. I am going to do it now, as quickly as possible."

"Better wait till to-morrow."

"No, no, I cannot wait! I must tell her at once. Will you wait here for me?"

"All right."

The young doctor hurried from the room, and twenty minutes later was standing in the Kemsters' drawing-room. Lucy soon came to him, and before he spoke she seemed to read some message of disaster in his eyes.

He told her what had happened, in simple, direct phrases, without attempting to excuse himself, but glossing over the state in which Trant had called upon him. When he had finished she looked at him in silence for a time with troubled eyes. At last she spoke.

"From what you have told me," she said, "I know that you did your best for Jack; but you have not told me all. As matter of fact, mother and I saw him in the street this morning without his seeing us, and I am sorry to say that he was not sober. I am afraid that his condition did not altogether surprise us, as we have received several bad reports about him during the last twelvemonth from a mutual friend in Borneo, and

only last mail I wrote to him, breaking off our engagement. It was good of you, Dick, to try and shield him, and, whatever is the outcome of this, I—I hope you will count me as your friend, whatever the world may say!"

She held out her hand, and he took it in both of his. Then, with a few words of broken farewell and gratitude, he turned away, unable to control the flood of thankfulness and despair that overwhelmed him.

And as he hastened through the streets to his own house he reviled the cruel fate that had sent Trant to him that afternoon, just when—had he but known it—Lucy was free once more!

Well, the dream was over now, and Lucy would never be his. The evidence which he would feel it his duty to give at the inquest would effectually ruin his professional career, and with it the happiness of his future life would be banished, for how could he, as a ruined doctor, ever presume to ask her to share his broken fortunes? The thing was impossible, and Dick dismissed it from his mind.

He let himself indoors with his latch-key, and flung his hat and gloves listlessly on to a chair in the hall. Then he walked across to the library, threw open the door, and stepped in.

Wilson was standing before the mantelpiece, and turned impulsively at his friend's entrance.

"Ah, Dick!" he cried, and there was a thrill of triumph in his voice. "Thank God you have come back at last!"

The other stared at him gloomily. "What is it, old chap?" he asked. "Did you think I was going to commit suicide?"

"No, no; but I have news for you. You have had no hand in this tragedy. You have been mistaken! You had nothing to do with it—nothing whatever! Do you hear?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. James came in just now to make up the fire, and I asked him about that drug. Jack Trant never took it. Do you understand? He never took it, man! When James came in he was already fast asleep, and, though he tried, your man could not wake him. During his efforts the glass got upset, and, if you look on the floor over there you'll see where its contents were spilt!"

Dick Wheeler stood staring at his friend in mute wonderment for several seconds. Then he sank down upon a chair and covered his face with his hands. The reaction was, for the time being, too much for his overwrought nerves, and tears of gratitude for God's infinite mercy forced themselves from his eyes.

Six months later Lucy Kemster became Mrs. Dick Wheeler, and a happier couple do not exist.

A LOVELY GORGE.

THERE was a soft tenderness in the sweet evening breeze, and the passengers on the luxurious pleasure steamer, having just finished a really good dinner, were enjoying the beauties of the evening to the full.

Mrs. de Vere surveyed the glories of the wonderful Highland scenery and felt she could cry from sheer happiness. A majestic ravine came into view—all tender greys and shimmering browns and blues. Mrs. de Vere held her breath till they had passed.

"Oh, Cecil," she said, "what a lovely gorge that was!"

"Yes, darling," he said absently, "quite the best feed we've had since we left London."

NO CHANGE.

MR. JORDON took great pride in his barometer; but, in spite of the care and attention he lavished on it, the hands had a nasty habit of always pointing to "set fair" whatever the state of the weather might be.

Of course, when there was a long spell of bright sunshine the barometer served very well, and Mr. Jordan was delighted. But when storm and rain was the order of the day, and the barometer refused to indicate the true state of affairs, there was trouble.

One day, the rain came down in torrents, but Mr. Jordan found the hands of the weather indicator faithfully pointing to "set fair."

Seizing the thing in his arms, he rushed out to the door, and, holding it at arm's length, cried out:

"There, you silly fool; see for yourself! It's pouring cats and dogs. Now, perhaps, you'll tell the truth!"

FATHER—

Bring your boy to see the Cup Final, at our expense. You'll both enjoy it. We give full particulars on page 515.



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The Boom in Boxing

Why the Increasing Interest in the Fistic Art is for the Nation's Good.

By HUGH D. McINTOSH.

FROM remarks I have frequently heard made since my arrival on England's friendly shores I gather that, although the majority of the general public who take any interest in athletics at all are evidently strongly in favour of boxing, by reason of its being so manly, sporting, and health-giving a pastime, there would nevertheless still seem to exist a certain section of so-called sportsmen who will persist in clinging to the silly notion that boxing is a sport into which some measure of brutality at least must enter at all times.

I think, therefore, that before complying with Mr. P. Doublyou's request to touch on the present boom in boxing, I cannot do better than endeavour to point out the various causes which have at last altogether cleansed the art of self-defence of the charges—many of them perfectly just—which in the past were laid against the sport in those days when, under London Ring Rules, wrestling and other methods which might rightfully have been termed brutal were undoubtedly regrettably frequent.

EXIT THE BARE-KNUCKLE FIGHTER.

But prize-fighting with bare knuckles, and under very elastic rules, and boxing with thickly-padded gloves—the weight and material of the stuffing being specified—are two totally different things. And that the former method of settling differences has been replaced by the latter is a change for which every real sportsman must feel glad.

The bare-knuckle fighter and his offences against the laws of his country has completely disappeared, and now it is no uncommon thing for the ordinary every-day individual who has a grievance to settle to do so under recognised rules, despite the fact that he may have no knowledge whatever of boxing skill.

But what does that matter? At least he knows that the modern boxing rules are fair, and that the laws under which contests are carried out provide that the possibility of injury to either combatant is no greater than in most of our games, and certainly not so great as in some to which opponents of boxing as a sport take no exception whatever.

Surely, too, a knowledge of self-defence must be an asset in any and every man's education. After all, the fighting instinct in man dates back to the very beginning of things, and must find a vent when occasion arises.

HOW THE BOOM STARTED.

The annals of the old country, from the invasion of the Romans downwards, sufficiently demonstrate that the native Briton trusted more to the strength of his arm, the muscular vigour of his frame, and the fearless attributes of his mind in the hour of danger, than to any artificial weapons.

As a nation, therefore, can England afford to overlook the value of a knowledge of the art of self-defence? Are we to-day physically a nation of so much stronger men that we can justly describe and look upon this knowledge as a matter of "so much waste of time"—an expression, by the way, freely used by those not in favour of boxing?

The only just answer to both these queries must certainly be "No!" So, on the face of things, the present boom in boxing is, from every point of view, a healthy sign, in that it shows that the manliness of the old country is far from dead.

"But is there a boom in boxing?" "Who says there is a boom in boxing?" "What signs are there to prove that boxing is more popular to-day than it was a decade ago?" All these questions are freely asked by opponents of the fistic art. Fortunately, to answer them is an easy matter, indeed.

In the first place, only a few years ago in London, with the exception of amateur boxing clubs—which, by the way, were none too well patronised—there were only a few private clubs at which boxing exhibitions of any sort could be witnessed, and then, of course, only by members of these clubs, for the general public were naturally debarred from attending.

But what is the case to-day? To come to

London first. There are at least half-a-dozen recognised centres at which boxing exhibitions can be witnessed not only by club members, as was the case in the past, but by the general public at large, and to give some slight evidence of the favour in which this sport is now held, I may mention that in the Wells-Moir contest, which took place at Olympia, there were present a crowd of nearly six thousand enthusiasts, which number would have been almost doubled, for, owing to the limited space, fully three thousand members of the public were unable to obtain admittance.

And in the provinces, as in London, enthusiasm for boxing is increasing at a similar rate. A few years ago a crowd of a couple of thousand people at a boxing match would have been considered quite wonderful. To-day, however, such is not the case at all, and the main difficulty which organisers of important contests have to face is to find a hall sufficiently large to hold all who wish to witness it.

Thus, at Cardiff recently, in the contest between Welsh and Driscoll, when the two men entered the ring not only was every seat sold, but standing room was also at a premium, while outside the hall thousands stood around awaiting the verdict of the referee. From reports which have reached me like results have been met with all over the country whenever any match of general or even local importance has been fixed to take place.

MY SEARCH FOR A WHITE MAN.

Another convincing proof of the ever-increasing interest felt in the fistic art is shown by the large numbers of new members who have recently joined boxing clubs. In my own case, too, since I first took upon myself the task of endeavouring to discover a White man to regain the Championship of the World for the White race, I have received shoals of letters from young men all over the country giving me particulars as to their boxing credentials and expressing a wish to "mix it with the best of 'em." A bold wish, maybe; but none the less a healthy, manly, self-reliant one—a wish, indeed, to command nothing but admiration.

Who, therefore, will dare say that this boom in boxing can be for anything but good? It is often said these days that the majority of the public would rather look on than take part in strenuous exercises and sports of any kind. If this is so, surely those who have the courage to put on the gloves and test their ability to hold their own are to be admired, not to be condemned; for boxing in itself cannot fail to increase the manliness and add to the good health of those who take part in it.

WHAT SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE SAYS.

I would venture to point out, too, that the average crowd who attend a boxing match—a crowd which must certainly include a number of men who box themselves—would, from a healthy, manly point of view, compare favourably with audiences who flock to other classes of entertainment. This in itself should go far to prove that the art of self-defence can be no bad thing for the physique of those who elect to study it.

However, it cannot be denied that, to a certain extent, these are somewhat effeminate days. In such times, therefore, it does one good to ponder on the views of that staunch champion of boxing, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Let me, in conclusion, quote what he has written on the art of fisticuffs:

"And so also, when the ring has become as extinct as the lists, we may understand that a broader philosophy would show that all things which spring up so naturally and spontaneously have a function to fulfil, and that it is a less evil that two men should, of their own free will, fight until they can fight no more, than that the standard of hardihood and endurance should run the slightest risk of being lowered in a nation which depends so largely upon the individual qualities of her citizens for her defence.

"Do away with war, if the cursed thing can by any wit of man be avoided; but until you see your way to do that, have a care in meddling with those primitive qualities to which at any moment you may have to appeal for your own protection."

"I USED to know Mr. Sleek, who was with your firm. I understand he is a tried and trusted employee."

"He was trusted, yes, and he'll be tried, too—if we're so fortunate as to catch him."

YOUNG MEN—

Why not bring your sweethearts to the Cup Final, at our expense? We're doing you well, and it'll be a day to look back on in after life. Turn back to page 515 for full particulars.



"John, I am just reading an interesting article about that famous Antipon treatment for obesity. You must get me some Antipon at once, dear."
"Antipon? Oh, ah, yes; I meant to tell you, Mary; there are three or four fellows at the office who swear by it. I'll order you a couple of bottles to-morrow."

BEAUTY IN JEOPARDY.

Cure of a Distressing Affliction.

How dreadful is the affliction of over-stoutness to a refined and beautiful woman! Obesity is such a grace-destroying disease, and is so insidious in its development. In its first phases it causes no physical distress; the slight plumpness is not without its particular charm in some women; but it is when the plumpness begins to change into real unmistakable "fatness" that the troubles begin; for that is not only an offence to the eye, but a precursor of ill-health in a good many cases. Obesity is a most prolific cause of other diseases. This was an acknowledged fact even in the days of Hippocrates.

Beauty of form is too precious a possession to be lost, either through neglect or mistaken treatments, and our fair readers are earnestly warned against any methods of reducing weight or correcting the shape which involve drastic dietary restrictions or the swallowing of mineral and other pernicious drugs. They cannot by any possibility do any real and lasting good, and, in the majority of cases, do incalculable injury. Beauty is not to be bought at such a sacrifice.

Quite different from these weakening processes of decreasing weight is the world-famous Antipon treatment, which tolerates no assistance that is not strengthening and otherwise beneficial. Food of the best kind, fresh air, gentle exercise, refreshing rest—these are the natural helpers of the Antipon treatment. No other aid is of any avail. Antipon, equally good as tonic and weight-reducer, is an agreeable liquid containing only vegetable substances of a thoroughly harmless nature, and is both a cure and a preventive, inasmuch as it destroys the tendency to fleshiness, whilst rapidly eliminating the excess of fatty matter that causes disfigurement, discomfort, and ill-health.

There are doubtless a large number of our readers who, though not in need of a course of Antipon, have reason to fear the possibility of over-weight. There is, perhaps, a trifling increase of waist measurement or some other indication of "fleshiness"—of chin, throat, shoulders, hips, for instance. To them a bottle or two of Antipon will be of priceless benefit in correcting such faults, which our later fashions tend to emphasise more than is desirable. These little "corrections" can be accomplished in strict privacy, for there is nothing in the Antipon treatment which need indicate to even one's most familiar friends that any "treatment" is being followed; though the manifest improvement in beauty, health, and vitality is bound to cause complimentary comment. Antipon is an admirable rebeautifier. It has a tonic action on the skin, through the blood, and so prevents wrinkles. The complexion is much improved.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending amount), carriage paid, in private packet, direct from the Antipon Co., Olmar Street, London, S.E.

DOUBLE SIGHT.

"THE constable seems wonderfully certain about the details of my case," said a defendant, with a sneer; "but how is it he doesn't call his fellow-officer to prove what he says?"

"There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," explained the policeman.

"But I saw two last night!" indignantly asserted the defendant.

"Exactly," the policeman rejoined, smiling broadly; "that's jest the charge against you!"

Professor Stone: "To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all."

Man in the Audience: "Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of two pounds to a man who holds such views!"

SUCH A NASTY COUGH.

"I SHOULD have called before, I am afraid," murmured the little man as he entered the doctor's consulting-room. "But these things get put off, you know."

Here he was seized with a very violent fit of coughing.

"A nasty cough," agreed the doctor. "Now just stand over here."

"But I just came—" said the stranger, but the doctor cut him short.

"Say no more," he answered. "I understand. Now take a deep breath and say 'ninety-nine.'"

"It's all right, doctor," said the visitor. "I know I've got a bad cough, but I've come round to say 'nine and ninepence.' That's the amount you owe the Electric Light Company. I'm a collector!"

"Did you hear that the daughter of that rich man in the next street had been driven from home?"

"Driven from home? Impossible! When did it happen?"

"Just after she got into the taxi-cab."

A BULL'S-EYE.

PRIVATE POTTS was not shooting very well. Out of ten shots he had only hit a target once, and then it was the wrong one. The instructor approached with wrath in his eye.

"Come, Potts," he said; "you don't seem to know how to hold a gun. Put it to your shoulder. That's right. Now point it straight at my eye. That's right. Keep it steady. Now press the trigger very gently—very gently! Go on! Hang it, man, why don't you pull the trigger?"

"Please, sir," stammered Private Potts, "it's loaded!"

Lady: "What do you think! I have a servant who gets up beautifully early in the morning without being called."

Chorus of Voices: "Impossible!"

Lady: "But it's true; she's in love with the milkman!"

OUT WENT THE GAS.

AH, the audience held their breath and simply thr-r-rilled as Jack Quickfire, the cowboy hero, killed the last of the Indians.

He staggered about; he almost fainted with loss of blood.

Then he gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope.

"See!" he cried. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

The stage remained in darkness.

"See!" he yelled again. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

Still darkness reigned.

"The dawn! The dawn!" he screamed, raging about the stage. "It breaks! The dawn!"

A head popped over the mountain-top.

"Old 'ard, guv'nor!" said the head. "Don't be in such an awful 'urry! Someone's bin an' turned the gas off!"

ALL OUT.

"Is your father in?" inquired the landlord of little Jimmy.

"No, he's out."

"Is your mother in?"

"No, she's out."

"Is your big brother in?"

"No, he's out."

"Then, I'll come in and sit by the fire until they return."

"You can't; it's out, too!"

Solemn Man: "Do you hear that clock ticking? Do you know what it is ever bringing nearer?"

Cheerful Man: "Yes, pay-day."

HIS RUINED BUSINESS.

"WELL, my man, and what are you begging for?" "I 'ates to ask yer for charity, sir, but I'm one of them unfortunit persons wot 'as bin ruined by motorin'."

Old Gentleman (who hates motors): "Oh, indeed; poor fellow! Were you run over?"

"No, sir; but, yer see, before motors became popular I used to 'old 'osses 'eads outside the 'otels."

"You see that man across the street? Well, you can always get cut rates from him for his work."

"What is it?"

"Trimming trees and hedges."

SURE TO PLEASE.

"A BIRTHDAY present for your son, eh? And he is pretty hard to please, madam?"

"Indeed he is," replied the fond mother. "And I do want to please him so!"

"What age is he, madam?" the clerk inquired.

"He will be just sixteen."

A triumphant smile illumined the visage of the salesman.

"Then, madam, give him this," he said.

And he laid before the woman a magnificent case of crimson Russia leather containing a horse-hide strop and a dozen exquisitely fine razors.

NOT LIKE A BIRD.



Algy (from London): "I say, keeper, what's that I've shot. It makes an unearthly row?"

Keeper: "Yes, poor Joe ain't got a musical voice, 'as 'e's? But I heard him say he was going to take singin' lessons."

THE TRUTH FOR ONCE.

SPANK! Spank!! Spank!!!

Tommy was undergoing maternal chastisement for eating the jam, at the hands of his loving mother.

"Tommy," she said, when she had paused for breath, "do you know this hurts me more than it does you?"

And when Tommy was alone with his brother, he produced a square board he had concealed, and murmured:

"I guessed that bit of wood would not do her hand any good!"

Lady (engaging new maid): "Then I'll pay you twelve pounds a year. By the way, are you superstitious?"

Maid: "Not at all, ma'am. You can make thirteen pounds if you like."

WHERE GAMBLING PAID.

"I AM afraid your husband plays cards at his club every night for money, too!" said the anxious mother to her newly-married daughter.

"That's all right, mother," cheerfully responded the young wife. "He gives me all his winnings—"

"What? Do you—?"

"And he always plays with Mr. Jimson."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Jimson makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband has won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we should get otherwise."

Mabel: "Father's so glad you're a poet."

Scribbler: "Ah, like yourself he adores poetry?"

Mabel: "Oh, no. But you see poets can't fight. The last lover of mine he tried to throw out was a football player!"

LESSONS IN RHYME.

THE famous professor beamed on his East End audience as he commenced his lecture on the beauties of English poetry.

"Ah, friends," he murmured, "there is more even in the question of finding rhymes than you might imagine. It is easy to fit rhymes to some words, as, for instance, 'police,' 'release,' 'thief,' 'left.' But what do you get for 'burglary'?"

"It depends on the judge, guv'nor," piped a woman from the body of the hall. "Yesterday my husband got five years!"

"How did Thompson get so bald?"

"Oh, half his hair came out through worrying about a girl."

"But how did he lose the other half?"

"Oh, that came out after the girl married him!"

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

THE President of the Incorporated Peace Society had come upon two youths fighting. Pushing his way through the crowd he persuaded the combatants to desist.

"Let me beg of you, my good fellows," he began, "to settle your dispute by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

"Do as the gentleman says, boys."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way, rejoicing in the thought of having once again prevailed upon brute force to yield to peaceful argument.

Half-an-hour later he returned that way, and was horrified to find the whole street fighting, while in the distance police whistles could be heard blowing and police rushing to the spot from all quarters.

"Good gracious! What is the matter now?" asked the peacemaker of an onlooker.

"Why, sir," was the reply, "the arbitrators are at work."

LANCASHIRE'S LIVING SCENES.



—Or when Cottonland Goes Away for Its Annual Holiday.

By JAMES SHERLIKER.

LONDONERS who go to the northern seaside resorts in the summertime never tire of telling you about the way the Lancashire factory folk enjoy their holidays.

The southerner is astonished. With him a holiday, as a rule, is carefully mapped out beforehand, and he proceeds right through according to his plans. The operative is different; his move from work to play is a flying leap and his after movements are left to chance. His enthusiasm is similar to your terrier's when you take him off the chain.

And the place where you will find most of him is Blackpool—Lancashire-on-Sea. He retires late and rises early. At night you will meet him in the theatre or dancing hall, criticising a band performance on the pier, or taking his chest measurement as he drinks in the life-giving air of the sea; in the morning he is swallowing oysters at a promenade booth or sitting on the bench with a newspaper and his favourite brew of bottled ale.

"Paradise!" he says. "Ev a drink?" "Aw've bin seein' this" (waving his arm around) "when aw've bin asleep, fer mons. It's grand. Ev another drink."

The holiday lasts seven days usually, and is taken by a few towns at a time.

ALL THE FAMILY SAVE.

You can see the mother making quick decisions as she realises the amount she can save by substituting margarine for butter, and the fact (?) that "merely eggs," as Dan Leno called them, are cheaper than new-laid ones, and that she has been paying more than she really need for tea and a lot more things.

The spirit of thrift is everywhere. Father smokes a little less "thin twist" tobacco, drinks one pot of ale a night instead of two, and buys shods and fixes them himself to his clogs instead of paying the shoemaker to fix them.

You can see little Tommy's grin taking in both his ears as his parent shows him the gold that has been saved, and says, "let it be a lesson to yo' when yo' grow oop!" And you can see the diamond gleam in the lad's eye as he says, "Let's 'ev one mooar luk, dad, afore yo' lock it oop."

And where the years are in life's spring, and the lads are loving and the lasses eager, you see misunderstandings being quickly smoothed over in the corners of the park seats. Tom sends Mary Ellen a note and she keeps the appointment, and later on you come across them strolling along a country lane, all differences vanished before the holiday sunrise.

WHEN THE MILLS CEASE WORK.

The day on which the holiday begins is the greatest of the year. "Thank Gods!" fall around in showers, and the air is filled with the joyous tizz of newly-opened champagne.

There is a quick change. Half an hour after the mills cease work they are silent and empty; another half-hour sees the streets filling with a crowd reminiscent of the West End of a summer afternoon.

The mill girl has shed her awkwardness, the young man's shambling gait has gone. The one is a hall mark of the season; the other is an amateur Beau Brummell with a cane, and a cigarette, and jaunty air, and a cap that bears the stamp of a vacation. All roads lead railway stationwards, and the living line grows and grows till the landscape is blotted out by men, women, and children, tin boxes, buckets, spades, portmanteaux, packages of sticks and umbrellas, and smiling faces.

The lover and his lass walk along, in many cases, at each end of a tin trunk, halting and sitting on it as they tire, and changing ends. The trunk is packed with clothes and food. The latter has been bought and prepared by the girl and her girl friend, and the young man and his chum, who is coming on behind, are to buy the excursion tickets and pay the expenses.

"Want your box carrying?" a small boy inquires.

"Want your face smacking?" the girl retorts. Very soon the station platform is hidden beneath piles of boxes and crowded by hundreds of spinners and weavers, who pack themselves like sardines into every train that steams in. An old lady is grimly noting the easy manner with which a porter plays with her trunk.

"Ere," she says, "mind how you drop it. There's heggs in it."

Then a crash. The porters are much too busy to take any notice. No doubt the eggs are mixing with the calf's-foot jelly, and the hair oil, and the gingerbread, and the bacon, and the marmalade.

"What do yo' want tekkin' yer grub with yo' for?" the porter mutters.

A young girl, whose delicate features make you long to introduce her to a portrait painter, is quarrelling with a porter who tries to explain that the luggage-van is packed and her box must follow on in the next train.

"I'll get thee sacked!" she shrieks, as the train moves off. "I'll get thee sacked fer neglectin' thi dewty!"

Her picture hat is nodding out of the window in a way most charming, but beauty in distress finds no cavaliers here, and her complaint is drowned amid loud hurrahs, the singing of hymns, good-byes which make you think of a long voyage, and warnings to those who are staying at home, not to forget the dog's bone, the cat's milk, and Dick's seed and his fresh water every morning.

ON THE BEACH.

How the trippers and the luggage are cleared from the seaside station I would rather not describe. In order to be truthful I should have to use language which grates. It is best to wait until the shades of evening come, when the sun is setting, and sky and ocean are shaking a "farewell" in a halo of glorious fire.

Then it is that you see the weaver girls come forth to conquer. Stay long enough and you notice black and white specks—which mean summer dresses and somebody else—on the stones leading to the beach.

The factory girls dress to kill, but their quarry is not the factory "hand." They want romance, and many of them find it.

Sally, who works four looms, would never dream of admitting it to the Johnny from Manchester, who buys ices for her at the ballroom bar. She becomes a milliner. And all runs smoothly until a relative appears on the scene—a relative who despises the aspirate and uses a dialect that reminds one of a blunt-edged saw.

FLIRTS AND THEIR FLIRTATIONS.

"Goin' to interdoos me, Sal?" he asks.

And then the cloud bursts.

"Yo've a cheek!" the girl says when her capture has vanished.

"Luk 'ere," the relative says, "wot's t'good o' pretendin', e's shure to find out. Besides, 'ow do yo' know 'e isn't pretendin', too?"

But all's fair in flirtation, and pretty faces by the sea are never wanting for admirers. So on goes the flirting, and the deception. The young male mill workers are just as regardless of the truth. They speak largely of the "offs" with never a blush, and the "typists" who hearken to the tale wonder what would happen if these dashing young "clerks" could see them, in cap and apron, taking tea to their mistresses' bedrooms next Monday morning.

But they are not all gay deceivers. Bill is not, for instance, Bill, the young "piecer" in flannels and a three-shilling Panama. He strolls along the promenade like a lord, and challenges this or any other country—under his breath—to produce the equal of Polly, who, hanging on his arm, makes you think of a July rainbow.

Nor is the "piecer" alone in his sincerity. To ask many a mill-girl in a Blackpool ballroom for a danco is to run the risk of an invitation to fight from her factory lover.

In a few days the pale face has given way to the tanned cheek. The tired look has gone as well, with the bend and the walk that's a weary crawl. Blackpool is Nature repairing Cotton's ravages—Nature returning to the mill "hands" some of the energy they have expended in the whirling of the world.

They may find the boarding-houses crowded, and have to sleep on forms and billiard-tables, but "it's grand" they say.

And their eyes echo the words!

(Next week: "Football Fever.")

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SKIN-TROUBLES!

Zam-Buk Will Destroy the Germs
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HUNDREDS of apparently healthy men and women suffer secret torture from unseen skin troubles which develop on back or chest, and are too often neglected, with dire results.

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the balm's pure and powerful germ-destroying and herbal healing extracts are at once sucked through the pores into the tissues. Where the germs have got a hold and set up eczema, ulceration, or ring worm, Zam-Buk will penetrate to the root of the trouble, and exterminate the disease.

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WHY DON'T YOU START TO-DAY?

Driven from Home!

PROLOGUE.

John Hume, a young curate of a London East End parish, falls in love with Betty Chalmers, the winsome governess at the rectory, and they are married. Seven years pass. The clergyman is now vicar at the country village of Hallard's Cross, happy with his wife and their little girl, Mimi. It is the anniversary of their wedding-day, and six-year-old Mimi's birthday, and upstairs a merry gathering of the child's playmates are romping.

John Hume is called out to visit an invalid parishioner, and during his absence a disreputable woman calls at the Vicarage and sees the vicar's wife.

Betty Hume goes white to the lips. This woman, Mrs. Mowle, knows the terrible secret that has always haunted her, for previous to her marriage she had borne a child, and Mrs. Mowle, midwife, had nursed it during its brief existence and seen it carried to the grave.

"What do you want?" Betty falters.

Mrs. Mowle demands ten pounds as the price of her silence, and whilst the terrified woman hurries away to get the money the midwife rifles the safe.

Little Mimi, hearing a noise downstairs, creeps from her cot. She sees her father, who has suddenly returned, ordering a black-bonneted woman from the house, and her mother shaken by sobs. "Daddy," she cries, "what has mummy done?" But John Hume points to the door and his wife. "Go!" he commands.

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

THIRTEEN years have passed since that terrible night at the Vicarage. Mimi Hume is engaged to David Inglis, a journalist. David was one of the party thirteen years back; he was Mimi's idol even in those days.

After obtaining the vicar's consent to accept him as a son-in-law, David returns to his flat at 133 Bewlay Street, N.W.

One night as he goes out to post off a story, Phoebe, the woman who threw him over to marry old Durward Kenyon for money, comes to his flat. She tries to confide in David the story of her marriage failure, but David will not listen. He tells her of his engagement to Mimi and takes her to a cab.

Madame Frayle and Rupert Lang witness this little scene from the flat opposite. Wealth and flash clothes have altered the blackmailing Mrs. Mowle of old into Madame Frayle, beauty specialist. Lang is one of her clients. He is scheming to marry Mimi Hume for money which he knows is to come to her.

When David returns, Lang and Madame Frayle see that he bears in his arms the unconscious form of Mimi's mother. David has found her in the area of an empty house; also a bloodstained handkerchief, and a key labelled "40 Bewlay Street," which he slips into a pocket. Just previous to this, P.C. Jarvis has discovered the dead body of Phoebe's husband, stabbed with a pair of scissors, in 40 Bewlay Street, and, seeing a light in David's flat, has called with Sergeant Tibbotts to make inquiries.

David waits until Betty has escaped by a back entrance before he opens the door. A spot of blood is on his shirt-front, and the handkerchief and key which he pocketed lead to his arrest.

Gideon Lang, Rupert's father, and solicitor to the Kenyons, breaks the news to Phoebe. She plans to regain David's love.

At the inquest her evidence falls like a bombshell. She swears that David was with her in his flat, on the night of the murder, until after midnight.

The day following the crime Gideon Lang calls on Mark Crushington, of the great London emporium, about one of his workpeople—Mrs. Clinton—otherwise Betty Hume. Lang tries to extract her address, but fails.

That same night John Hume, who has come up from Hallard's Cross with Mimi for the inquest, sees his wife—the first time for thirteen years.

Dressed in rags, Betty eludes her husband, but she cannot shake off Louis Death, Crushington's secretary and spy. Louis Death follows her into an empty house, to find her bending over a young fellow who is bleeding to death. The man, Steve Darrack, is Betty's son, whom she thought had died as a baby. Now he is wanted by the police. Louis Death promises to save his life and keep Betty's secret.

Mimi Hume is overwhelmed with grief after the inquest. She disobeys the vicar's orders that she is never to see David again, and goes to his flat.

There she falls into the clutches of Madame Frayle. The blackmailer threatens to tell how David is screening some woman unless Mimi sends her thirty pounds. Mimi promises.

To obtain some of the money she takes two five-pound notes from her father's safe, and after midnight steals from the house to post them.

Passing Thatcher's Farm, a little place near the

village, she twists her ankle. Rupert Lang is spending a holiday at the farm. He hears a cry, and goes to Mimi's aid. She faints, and when she recovers she is in Lang's sitting-room. His manner is horribly insulting, and finally Mimi rouses the household. Her scream also awakens Zacky, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who is sleeping in an outhouse.

Zacky hates John Hume like poison, and he hurries off to tell him that he has just seen Mimi in Lang's arms. Hume dresses and runs to the farm.

Mimi is in the landlady's bed, but Rupert meets him with a plausible tale, posing as a hero. He offers to marry Mimi if any scandal gets about.

The vicar has Mimi taken home and sends for Anne Fossall, his cousin, to come and act as her companion. His cousin sends Peggy, a bright, resourceful young lady, as a substitute.

When David reaches his flat after his release he finds a letter supposed to be from Mimi, telling him that she never wishes to see him again. Heartbroken, David goes to thank the scheming Phoebe for her noble self-sacrifice, and, believing that Mimi no longer loves him, offers to marry her.

The letter is really a forgery put in the envelope in place of another by Madame Frayle, acting as Lang's agent. Madame Frayle has stolen the genuine letter from Mrs. Wex, David's landlady. And at that moment the blackmailer is on her way to her grocer's to cash one of Mimi's notes. Rupert Lang has posted the letter. The note is a counterfeit.

While Madame Frayle is out, P.C. Jarvis calls on Mrs. Wex. He sees the remains of the forged letter to David, and suspects the blackmailer of foul play.

In another part of London Betty Hume and her criminal son, Steve Darrack, still helped by Louis Death, are preparing to leave their sanctuary, the top floor of a little lock-up shop, to board a vessel bound for a foreign land. Steve has to bolt for his liberty and finally he is arrested.

At Hallard's Cross, when the vicar finds that his notes have been stolen from the safe, he accuses Zacky. To save Zacky, Mimi confesses that she is the culprit. John Hume's manhood deserts him. He tells her never to darken his doors again.

Helped by Zacky, Mimi reaches London. Here her pocket is picked, and Rupert again comes to her aid. He takes her to his rooms, and leaves her in the care of his landlady while he goes out. A few minutes later David calls to see Rupert on business connected with Phoebe. To escape from him, Mimi slips into a dressing-room. On entering, David picks up one of her handkerchiefs, and, when Rupert returns, the two men have a violent quarrel which ends by Lang knocking David down.

David is sure that Mimi is in the dressing-room, but to save another scene, he leaves, assuring Lang that they will fight it out later on. Finally, a match is arranged between them.

When he has gone, Rupert tells Mimi that Inglis is trying to implicate her mother in the Bewlay Street murder. He promises to protect both the women, and Mimi consents to marry him.

After midnight, Peggy Fossall rouses Lang from his bed. He lies to her that Mimi is not in the house; but Peggy knows otherwise. She threatens to wake the household unless Rupert dresses and goes to tell the vicar that Mimi is safe.

At the same time that this scene is taking place, Inglis leaves his lodgings, in response to a wire from the editor of the EVENING FLASH, to go to Cricklewood.

A baby's remains have been discovered in the garden of 43 Yew Tree Grove—the old address of Mrs. Mowle, midwife.

David watches the police, from a neighbouring house, digging up the back garden. P.C. Jarvis is there and he finds a cigarette case. It is initialed: "From Zacky," and monogrammed: "M. K."

The following day Jarvis goes, by chance, to the lock-up shop just left by Betty, Steve, and Death, and takes some lodgings for his sweetheart Maisie, who is working at Crushington's.

In going over the rooms he makes another discovery. This time it is a hairpin, similar to one found in David's rooms on the night of the murder.

The following day Maisie learns from her new landlady that Louis Death, under an assumed name, was one of her three lodgers; and at work Crushington asks her if she would like to go to Paris—on business. Maisie keeps this to herself; she only tells her lover about Louis Death.

Following this, Jarvis is sent down to Hallard's Cross. Dressed up as a farmer, he gets chatting with the gossips of the village hostelry.

(You Can Now Read On.)

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT (continued).

Tales in the Red Lion.

WHEN the gathering in the Red Lion bar-parlour broke up Jarvis was in complete possession of the general village version of all more or less recent happenings; he had heard, also, the story of Betty Hume's flight from home and all the theories current in the village on the subject.

Mental digestion was a matter of time with Jarvis, but the progress was thorough. When he stepped out into the sunlight of the village-street, he carried much undigested matter in his brain; but ale-house gossip required much sifting and confirming. Hearsay and opinions became twisted into facts by much repetition.

Jarvis turned into the post-office and bought some stamps. The village postmistress was a gossip. He stayed some time. After that he visited Thatcher's Farm. Mrs. Amery was a dear good soul, and she and her son George had a weak spot in their hearts for Zacky.

Mrs. Amery opened the door to John Jarvis, and liked the look of him. Soon as he opened his mouth she recognised an Oxfordshire man, but he had made a mistake.

"No, no, no," she said. "You've mixed up Thatcher's Farm with Hatchett's Farm. That's where the brood mare's for sale."

"Thatcher's—Hatchett's—stupid of me!" His eyes travelled to the rick-yard. He complimented Mrs. Amery on her crop.

They had not carried it the day David Inglis took Mimi in his arms where the shadows, cast by the copse, met the sunlight, and all seemed wondrous right with the world.

"We need it," said Mrs. Amery, "after the year we 'ad last year!"

Jarvis agreed. He seemed in no hurry. Mrs. Amery liked a chat. He remarked that the stream hard by looked a likely one for trout.

"Mr. Lang's had more than one good catch out of it," said Mrs. Amery. In that way the conversation came round to Rupert Lang.

"Poor lamb!" sighed Mrs. Amery.

Jarvis looked sympathetic, and remarked that he had heard queer things, happening to be in the bar-parlour of the Red Lion. After that Mrs. Amery gave her version of how Mimi came into Mr. Lang's sitting-room the night she sprained her ankle, and Mrs. Amery, being a nice, clean-minded, motherly soul, her version was a nice one.

"Once tongues start tattling and titling," she said, "there's no stopping 'em. And when things get into papers folk think it gospel truth."

"You're right," said Jarvis.

"Miss Mimi was just slipping out late to the post. It was a dark night, and dark across the fields and dark at the stile; that's how she came to fall. And if Mr. Lang did take off her stocking and shoe, what else could he do, seeing how bad her poor foot was?"

"Might have woke you!" thought Jarvis. "Why didn't he? I know her. Did she ask him not to, not wishing it to be known she was out posting letters, or was he up to tricks?" Rupert Lang?

Jarvis half-closed one eye as he dipped into his memory-store. "Clean potato—I don't think! The further we go the deeper. If she didn't want it known she was going to the post—for whom the letter or letters? Half-a-mo! Bank-notes—forged bank-notes. Steady my lad. Find out the date."

"Poor lamb!" went on Mrs. Amery, still reminiscent. "I put her to bed, and she went light-headed. It cut my heart to hear her. Thinking of 'er poor mother. 'What has mummy done?' she kept on crying, and then she turned on her father, light-headed, she was, mind you; and told him she hated him!"

Jarvis cleared his throat. Maisie Rickards always insisted that John had the softest heart in the world, really.

"And nobody here to this day knows what mummy did," he said thoughtfully, "except perhaps the vicar."

Mrs. Amery shook her head. "The rights of that story will never be known now."

"And yet you never know!" said Jarvis.

In London the stranger on the doorstep is eyed with suspicion and liable to be credited with sinister designs on overcoats and umbrellas, but it was different at Hallard's Cross. When presently Jarvis referred again to Mimi's accident he had no difficulty in obtaining the date, fixed in Mrs. Amery's mind by the event itself.

"But I'm taking up your time," he said.

Thereupon Mrs. Amery directed him to Hatchett's Farm. The shortest way was across the fields, and so it came about that not long after Jarvis was traversing the route taken by Mimi the disastrous night when she set forth to post two letters, one to David that never reached him, and the other, containing two five-pound notes, to Madame Frayle.

Madame Frayle and a bank-note that she attempted to cash at Mr. Frost's, grocer's, in the Chalk Farm Road, were giving him food for thought. Madame Frayle had certainly steamed open the letter Miss Mimi had asked him to deliver to Inglis through

Mrs. Wex. He tutored a forger; he had struck incident at the engaged in the their source the story as a

Jarvis four Mimi had taken safe. She had object of post Madame Frayle letter of her Hallard's Cross journey and of a forged recall from w of her clients

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Mrs. Wex. He felt morally certain that she had substituted a forgery for whatever Mimi had written. Now he had struck across this scandal about a banknote incident at the Vicarage. Doubtless the detectives engaged in trying to trace the forged banknotes to their source had investigated, or would investigate, the story as soon as it was brought to their notice.

Jarvis found pipe and pouch thoughtfully. Mimi had taken or borrowed notes from her father's safe. She had made a secret night journey with the object of posting letters. She was acquainted with Madame Frayle, who had certainly tampered with a letter of hers. Forged notes had been circulated in Hallard's Cross. After the date of Mimi's night journey and accident Madame Frayle was in possession of a forged note, and had professed her inability to recall from whom she received it, owing to the number of her clients and her own unbusinesslike habits.

Jarvis believed himself to have struck the ugly trail of blackmail—blackmail either associated with the Bewlay Street murder, or possibly with the mystery of Mrs. Hume's disappearance from the Vicarage; but he could not yet assign to her a definite place in the complications which increased with every step forward that he took.

Only this: he was sure of her vile character, and pretty sure that beauty-specialism and Golden Specific covered a more nefarious traffic. She must have a past, and sooner or later he hoped to dig it up. He was in possession of copies of her finger-prints.

And now there was Zacky. It looked to Jarvis as if the threads of two distinct mysteries, of which at present there was no evidence at all of association, crossed each other at Hallard's Cross.

Jarvis loved the country. When, having crossed a field on which a second crop of hay was already sprouting forth, he reached a gate barring entrance to a shady copse, he leant his back against it and lit his pipe. It was all very quiet and peaceful, and he wished Maisie could have been with him, away from the wear and tear and the roar of London.

Jarvis appeared stupid, dull, and unemotional—only to the purely superficial observer without eyes to penetrate the surface of things. For a few moments the man and lover in him ousted the detective.

But his brain was busy again with problems when a faint footfall reached his ears. He turned.

It was Mimi Hume. She still limped slightly. She stopped dead at sight of Jarvis. A wave of brilliant colour flushed her pale, dainty features. She had recognised him instantly—the big, strong, chivalrous young man, who at the time had reminded her of the type of young farmer to be seen round about Hallard's Cross, who had played the gentleman that night a drunken man would have molested her; to whom, in her desperation, when her father loomed out suddenly upon her, she had entrusted her note for David.

The note David had never answered in writing, though his answer had seemed cruelly plain to Mimi with the news of his engagement to Phoebe Kenyon.

In her note she had asked him, as she had done in a letter that Rupert Lang had given to her father and her father had destroyed, tragic in his belief that he was acting for the best; she had asked him just to write or tell her that what Phoebe had implied at the inquest on Durward Kenyon was not true.

Now she was engaged to Rupert Lang—yet for David's sake—and David engaged to Phoebe Kenyon. It was like a nightmare.

She had thanked God when her father made up his mind to return to Hallard's Cross to face the parish and scandal. She wanted to get away from London, from the man to whom she was betrothed. And a fresh horror had entered her life since her journey to Cricklewood in the forlorn hope that she might glean some tidings of her mother.

She had seen the police-notice in the papers, giving a description and asking for information of Mrs. Mowle, whose whereabouts were unknown since she quitted Cypress Villa twelve years back—Cypress Villa, in the back garden of which little human remains had been discovered.

It must have been the same Mrs. Mowle who came to the Vicarage the night her mother left; the woman whose name and address were printed on the card—with a finger-mark—lost at Regent's Circus when Mimi's reticule was filched.

Jarvis raised his hat, unfastened the five-barred gate, and swung it back for Mimi. Instinctively he took the pipe he was smoking from his mouth.

"Good afternoon, miss!" he said.

This was the daughter of the woman whom he had practically proved to be the woman wanted for the Bewlay Street murder. He felt a bad brute at this moment. But there it was; duty was duty and had to be done.

Mimi held out her hand, first surprise over, grateful for the opportunity to thank him for what he did for her in London. Her manner was wholly simple, unaffected, and full of native charm.

"I couldn't thank you that night," she said, "for what you did—for what you undertook to do. But I do now."

Jarvis took her slender hand. He was still feeling a bad brute.

"No occasion for thanks," he said.

"But there is. You live near here?"
"Not so far away—at least, my home isn't. I come from Wittam—Oldacres Farm."

Duty was duty, and had to be done; but Jarvis—Maisie and his own love-story somehow intruding itself at this moment—still thought a happy ending possible to the love-story of Mimi Hume and David Inglis. He had told Mrs. Wex so when he bade her to do her best to send Inglis to Hallard's Cross to see Mimi.

An aching heart had brought Mimi through the copse to the hay-field. All the hay was carried; but just yonder—there!—had stood the hay-cock where she was nestling and dreaming when David vaulted the five-barred gate. She loved him still; she tried hard to tell herself that he had killed her love—but she loved him still. If she were going to marry Rupert Lang, it was for David's sake.

There was a silence. Jarvis knocked the tobacco from his pipe against the gate. He knew what was passing through her mind, though Sergeant Tibbitts looked upon him as a fool.

"I gave that note to Mrs. Wex," he said. "My home's at Wittam, but my work lies mostly in London. I've got to know Mrs. Wex."

He saw Mimi's hand press against her bosom on the side where the heart lies.

"In fact we've become great friends, Mrs. Wex and I, miss, since that night. A rare little woman, with a sharp tongue and a big heart. Do you think I'm taking a liberty, talking to you like this?"

"No, no. Go on. Tell me more about Mrs. Wex!"

"Well, she gave that note to Mr. Inglis when he came out, and she told me—Sure you don't think I'm taking a liberty talking like this?"

"Go on!"

"She told me that it must have contained something very different from what she had hoped and expected."

"Go on!"

Both Mimi's hands were pressed to her bosom now.

"That note seemed to take all the heart and life out of Mr. Inglis."

"But why, why? I said—I wrote—I only asked such a little."

The words pelted from Mimi's quivering lips. She had been carried away by her feelings, unrestrained by the presence of the man who was but little less than a stranger to her. An agony of doubt possessed her. She had written nothing to take the life and heart out of David. It was impossible for him to have misread her meaning.

Jarvis knew for certain now that the note read by Inglis was a forgery. Who the forger? Madame Frayle, who had steamed open the envelope? Why, exactly? Acting for herself or for someone else? To whom the benefit?

To Rupert Lang or Mrs. Kenyon, or both? Jarvis' imagination was bearing him too swiftly into the realms of speculation. But since his coming to Hallard's Cross and listening to gossip both at the Red Lion and Thatcher's Farm, Rupert Lang had occupied a definite place in his calculations. He appeared to have behaved fishily on the night of Mimi's accident. Now he was engaged to Mimi.

"I'm almost a stranger to you, miss," said Jarvis quietly, but impressively, and it never entered Mimi's heart to consider the incongruity of it all, the subject of this conversation with a man she believed to be a young farmer. "Interfering in other people's affairs—those of the heart in particular—is a delicate business; sometimes the reward's more kicks than gratitude, so to speak."

Mimi, despite the tension, knew that this was one of Nature's gentlemen.

"When Mrs. Wex told me," he went, "it struck me as strange, calling to mind the night I met you, how anxious you seemed that note should be delivered. So I asked Mrs. Wex one or two questions. The note was not given at once. The building is a block of flats containing a number of tenants, a mixed lot."

His eyes were on Mimi; he saw the little start; saw that what he was trying to instil into her mind had entered it.

"Someone"—she was carried away—"someone may have—must have tampered with it!"

"That was what I suggested to Mrs. Wex."

Mimi's eyes blazed. A new light had been flung on the situation. If the letter she had really written had reached David it could not have taken the heart and life out of him—not out of David Inglis.

It was just that little touch on Jarvis' part that had brought home to her the effect of the note on David. Till this moment she had not known. The letter he had written her from Brixton Prison had been withheld from her by her father. When he had not answered the note she actually penned, she had been unable to put any other interpretation on his conduct except that it was an admission of guilty relations with Phoebe.

Her eyes blazed. Hope had been re-kindled, and her spirit had risen up in arms at the same moment. David was still the clean, strong David—her heart's ideal—she had once believed him to be. She would

(Continued on next page.)

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in the weather, or any unavoidable exposure to draughts, chills, night air or sudden change of temperature threatens a return of old throat or chest trouble, a few Peps tablets slowly dissolved in the mouth will fill the chest and lungs with their soothing and germ-destroying fumes. By this direct Peps method chill is repelled, accumulated phlegm softened, the "tightness" of the breathing passages loosened, and the weak spots in the chest strengthened.



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I want similar sentences. You may use the letters as often as you please.

see him—or make sure at least that what she did actually write should meet his eyes. What was it in her note that could have taken the heart and life out of him?

Never mind Phoebe! Never mind Rupert Lang and her engagement to him! Fate and her father had done their best to crush her spirit lately, battered her so that perhaps she had gone under weakly, but she was only a girl. Now, however, her spirit was revitalised and up in arms, revitalised by the magic of hope.

"Who could have done it?"

She seemed unconscious now of Jarvis' presence.

"People don't do things of that sort without a reason," he said quietly.

The night of her accident, she had given Rupert Lang two letters to post, one to David and the other to Madame Frayle. Had been compelled to do so.

Her mind forged a link that coupled Rupert Lang and Madame Frayle, the woman who had blackmailed her, and to whose blackmail she had submitted for David's sake—and the man to whom she had been compelled to betroth herself.

Madame Frayle—that horrible woman with horrible photographs and advertisements in her rooms—lived in the same building as David. Mimi did not know of Rupert Lang's covert dealings with Madame Frayle—and it was as well for the peace of her mind that she did not; nevertheless, her brain had forged a link between them.

"In this affair, at least," thought Jarvis, "things stand some chance of coming right now."

If he knew anything at all about women, Miss Mimi would never rest now till she had seen her lover and obtained an explanation. Nothing should stop her now! He could see that she had forgotten his presence again, her mind occupied by the one thought.

"But I ought to be getting along now, miss!" he said, with a glance at his watch.

Mimi took his strong hand impulsively. Her unaffectedness was one of her charms.

"Thank you for—"

Words failed her. He had stepped back into her life at a very black moment, when her despair had reduced her to an almost passive state of resignation, which is one of the worst forms of despair. Jarvis had not severed the bonds that tied her to Rupert Lang; he had not severed the bonds that bound David to Phoebe; but with a few simple words—he could have told her much more had he not been forbidden to do so by his sense of duty—he had reawakened hope in a sorely-battered and quite a young heart. Mimi was not yet twenty.

An ideal means so much to some women—a human ideal of courage and strength allied with tenderness and moral cleanness. David had been such a human ideal to Mimi till circumstance aided and abetted by her own father—most tragically well-meaning—Rupert Lang, Gideon Lang—pulling the strings in an obscure background—Phoebe Kenyon, and Madame Frayle, between them, had done their best to shatter Mimi's human ideal. Indeed, she had believed it shattered.

What she was trying to thank Jarvis for when words failed her was for flinging open again the gates of hope by presenting to her a possibility that had not entered her thoughts.

It might be that she must still marry Rupert; it might be that David must still marry Phoebe. She was environed about by shadows and mists. But if she had been wrong and blind in her judgment, and, the scales stripped from her eyes, she saw that her ideal still held his place on the pedestal on which she once placed him; then, whatever happened to her, to him, she had something to thank God for, something that could not be taken from her.

But all this would have been difficult to put into words. So, when Mimi's tongue failed her, she just continued to grip Jarvis' hand, and the clasp of that slender, girlish hand was much more expressive than words.

And again Maisie Rickards figured in Jarvis' swift thoughts, and his own love-story somehow became mixed up in this other one that he was doing his best in an unofficial capacity to set straight.

"I daresay we shall be meeting again, miss," he said, and his voice had just a tinge of sorrow in it. His official business at Hallard's Cross was the investigation of her mother's disappearance from home, relative to the Bewlay Street murder.

"I don't know your name? I want to."

"Jarvis—John Jarvis. Any letter, miss, addressed to me at Oldacres Farm, Wittam, will be forwarded."

Mimi had read of P.C. Jarvis, 135 P.Q., who had given evidence at the inquest on Durward Kenyon, but she did not associate him with John Jarvis of Oldacres Farm. His investigations would have been hampered by the disclosure of his official status. At the same time, he was taking no elaborate precautions to disguise it. Simple methods were best whenever possible. Yet it would not have distressed him if his association with the police had been discovered, so long as the real object of his visit remained unknown. It would have been easy enough to have made Zacky or forged banknotes his stalking-horse.

"Good-bye, miss!"

He raised his hat, and went his way through the copse, big-limbed, magnificently proportioned, if a little clumsy of movement to the eye. To realise how quick and light he could be on his feet for a man weighing well over thirteen stone, how splendidly developed he was, one had to see Jarvis stripped and sparring at Havaslam's.

The gate swung to. Mimi watched him disappear. Hope had kindled a light in her eyes and given life—as it were—to her very expression.

"David!" she whispered, her eyes seeking a spot on the field where he had bared his heart to her and taken her in his arms. "My David!"

Nothing must stop her now! Father, Phoebe, Rupert Lang—she could not pause to consider them or their feelings. She would go to David! It might be that they would meet, only to part. They were both still environed about by mists and shadows. Yet it might be that these mists and shadows would dissolve before explanations when they came together.

And then Mimi thanked God for the coming of John Jarvis of Oldacres Farm, Wittam, Oxfordshire.

Jarvis attended the sale of farm-stock that afternoon, but as an apparently interested spectator, not a bidder.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE.

The Spell that was Broken.

THE Cricklewood inquest had been adjourned, but the EVENING FLASH was still booming the mystery and keeping David Inglis busy driving his pen. For which he was thankful. What time he could spare was spent at Havaslam's.

It was impossible for him to train along strict, conventional lines, though in recent years ideas on the subject of training have undergone considerable modification. He had knocked off smoking—and great, indeed, was the agony—and made a vow to go to bed early—whenever Scooper and the EVENING FLASH permitted him.

Inglis was a clean and keen sportsman. Under happier circumstances, had it been merely a matter of which was the better man, Rupert Lang or himself, he would have looked forward to the meeting with a keen kind of joy. But it was something much more grim than this. In the old days it would have been fought out with pistols or swords—till one or the other dropped. Intense, fierce personal feelings inspired both men.

Baby-farming and infanticide were not congenial subjects to David; but happy, indeed, is the journalist who can select his own subject, and he was taking orders from Scooper. The adjournment of the inquest had not given him pause. It was afternoon when he quitted the offices of the FLASH, having penned two columns for the next day's issue, dealing with notorious cases of baby-farming.

From Fleet Street to the gymnasium. After some hard work with the gloves, a cold shower, and vigorous rubbing down with a flesh-glove, he went to his flat in Bewlay Street.

When he reached the landing, his attention was attracted by a workman doing something to Madame Frayle's door.

The man had removed the brass plate bearing Madame Frayle's name and was substituting another in its place. Inglis could not see the name on the new plate. Was Madame Frayle leaving? If so, a good riddance! He looked upon the woman as an abomination. Apart from that, he always associated her with the unforgettable night of his arrest and the incidents preceding it.

A shadowy smile played round his grim, rather sorrowful mouth. He was thinking of Mrs. Wex. So intense was Mrs. Wex's hatred of Madame Frayle that he had been afraid sometimes that her fiery spirit would get the better of her, and that one day she might literally go, tooth and nail, for the vendor of Golden Specific—which Mrs. Wex called "malicious, rank poison!"

Could Inglis have seen the plate the workman was fixing up, he would have read on it "MISS BINNEY."

Binney—Charlotte Binney was the name of a woman employed in the hosiery department at Crushington's; the woman who at a late hour had bearded the great Crushington in his private office, and, when she quitted him, had gone away—not empty-handed.

David's curiosity was sufficiently aroused to cause

FOOTBALLERS—

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him to determine to have a look at the plate later. He fitted his latch-key and entered his own flat.

His visits to Havaslam's were already affecting him visibly. What he had suffered, and was suffering, was to be read on his grim, compressed mouth and the suggestion of cynicism, sorrow's cloak in his case, about its corners. But physical health and fitness were revealed in the clearness of his skin, the light of his eyes, and a glow on his cheeks.

Mrs. Wex was hovering, and appeared instantly. She gave him a note not long delivered by express messenger. The crest and the deep mourning lines had revealed to her from whom it came. Mrs. Kenyon.

Mrs. Wex had been sorely tempted to destroy it. That there Potiphar's wife of a woman! She handed the note to David most reluctantly.

She watched him open it; saw the lines deepen a little on his forehead, and the curves become more cynical and bitter round his grim, but sensitive mouth. "My dearest David," he read, "I'm not joking. You're doing the best you can to break my heart. I've only seen you for a few miserable skimpy minutes during the past two days. And you know I'm far from well. I hate your work; I'm jealous of it. I'm suffering from the horrors as I write this, and the wretched neuritis doesn't seem to get any better. You don't mean to be unkind and neglectful. I know you're keen about your work for my sake as well as your own! But come to me, David. Phoebe."

The lines deepened cynically on David's face. He was keen on his work because it spelt distraction and gave him excuse to see as little as possible of the woman whom he had asked to marry him under the pressure of a tremendous obligation, after he believed Mimi's faith in him shattered; a woman who did not try to inspire, but sought to ensnare with her charms and made appeal to only what was material in his nature.

But he must go; play the game.

"Goin' out agen, sir?" questioned Mrs. Wex.

She knew where.

"Yes."

"Beggin' your pardon, but not knowin', so to speak, whether you mightn't take into your 'ead to run down to 'Allard's Cross, I packed your snot-case."

Her wonderful, bright eyes—jewels set in her withered, sharp-featured face—dimmed. David's dimmed also for a moment. He was supremely touched. But he could not go to Hallard's Cross now; it was too late. That was all over.

He shook his head. A moment later the door of the flat closed upon him. Mechanically he glanced across at the flat opposite. The workman stood clear of the plate now, and David could read:

"MISS BINNEY."

Day was fading when he reached Felix House. A footman told him Mrs. Kenyon was in her boudoir. Phoebe's personal maid conducted him to the room, and when she opened the door a faint, subtle odour of violets assailed his nostrils.

The room was shadowy; but he could see Phoebe outlined on a couch with a background of soft cushions. The maid closed the door noiselessly.

"David!"

Phoebe reached out her arms, and the loose sleeves of her wrap slipped back and revealed her white, beautifully moulded arms.

He must play the game!

He stooped and kissed her, and was again oppressively conscious of the perfume that seemed to come from her wonderful hair—her whole being.

But it was only a conventional kind of kiss, and it bitterly disappointed her.

It was remembrance of Mimi that made him play the lover so coldly, and the thought maddened her. She had got him; she had so manoeuvred that he was going to marry her. But that was not enough. She wanted to exorcise Mimi from his thoughts. She was there, and, womanlike, she divined the fact.

Never had she hated Mimi more fiercely than at this moment. She held her responsible for his maddening coldness.

"David, why have you kept away?" she whispered passionately. "Why? I'm hungry for your love, David mine!"

And she twined her arms round his neck before he could prevent her and printed a burning kiss on his forehead.

He tried to free himself. His strong, clean soul was in revolt against this sort of thing. He did not love her; she was not his wife yet.

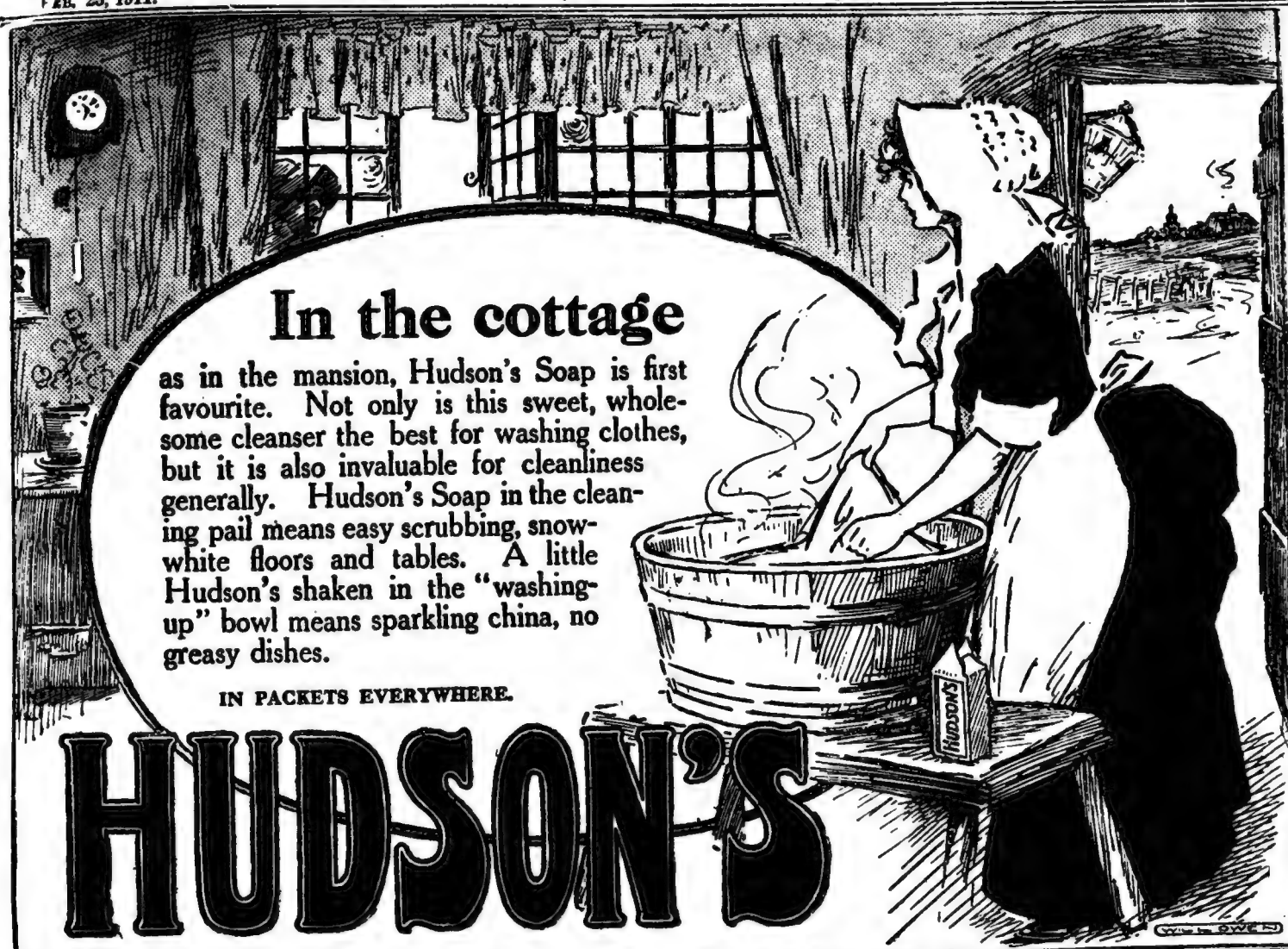
"No, no, no!" she whispered. "Why do you want to get away from me? Am I ugly, shrivelled, deformed! You're mine, David! You asked me to be yours!"

And then, with her arms still round him, she half-whispered, half sang into his ears.

"Love me, David! Love me and the world is mine."

Mrs. Wex stood in David's "workshop." Her thin fingers were working as she stared at the place on his paper-littered table where once Mimi's photograph stood. Her duster had slipped to the floor. She had

(Continued on page 524.)



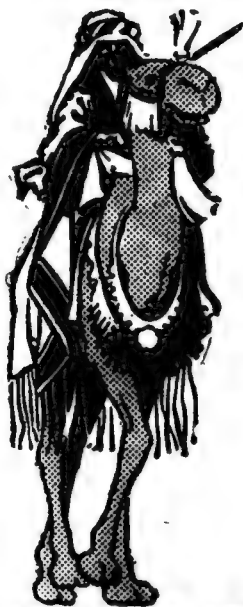
In the cottage
as in the mansion, Hudson's Soap is first favourite. Not only is this sweet, wholesome cleanser the best for washing clothes, but it is also invaluable for cleanliness generally. Hudson's Soap in the cleaning pail means easy scrubbing, snow-white floors and tables. A little Hudson's shaken in the "washing-up" bowl means sparkling china, no greasy dishes.

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You'll never realise how much the jar, jar, jar of your heels upon the pavement has been taking daily out of you until you wear the genuine Wood-Milne Rubber Heels, *then* you will feel the difference. Better profit by the camel—and by

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Wood-Milne Rubber Heels are made in several shapes and sizes—all dependable in wear. Wood-Milnes, being made from a superior quality of rubber than any other rubber heels, offer greater resilience and longer wear; they are by far the most economical heels sold. Be sure to see the name 'Wood-Milne' on every heel. Best to let the Bootmaker fix them for you.



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52 NIGHTINGALE ROAD, DOVER.—December 17th, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I feel in duty bound to write and thank you for the wonderful benefit I have derived from your splendid "Wincarnis." For months I have been depressed and nervous and so weak that I could hardly walk, and felt I wanted to be always sitting or lying down. But your "Wincarnis" has put New Life into me. I can now go about my work with a new vigour that makes my household duties a pleasure instead of a burden as before. I cannot properly express my gratitude for the grand health your life-giving "Wincarnis" has given me. It is splendid to feel so strong and well. I have told all my neighbours about your wonderful "Wincarnis," and I feel I want to tell the whole world what a splendid tonic and restorative it is.

Yours very gratefully.—(Mrs.) C. B. BARNATT.

Mrs. Barnatt's case is but one of many thousands, and proves beyond question that as a tonic, restorative, and health bringer, Wincarnis stands supreme. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend Wincarnis for Debility, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Nervous Disorders, and during Convalescence following severe illnesses, particularly after Influenza.

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stopped, picked it up, and was dashing it across her eyes, telling herself fiercely that snivelling didn't mend matters when she heard the bell ring.

"Drat it!" she cried inconsequently, and went to the door. "A female!"

A figure was silhouetted against the glazed upper half of the door.

She opened it, and her great heart stood still before it seemed to give a wild leap into her throat.

The slender, girlish, simply-clad figure had raised her veil. It was Mimi. She had come.

"Heaven be praised!"

Mrs. Wex did not utter the words. Her soul just winged up her thanks.

"You're Mrs. Wex, I'm sure!" said Mimi, in a quick, soft, trembling voice. "Is—is Mr. Inglis in?"

"No, 'e ain't!"

For a fraction of a second Mrs. Wex paused.

"But, Miss Mimi, didn't I know you the moment I set eyes on you from yer photograph? But 'e'll come quick enough when he knows you're 'ere. 'Scuse me, go in there, miss—into 'is room, whilst I gits to the telephone."

He was with that Potiphar's wife of a woman; but Mrs. Wex meant sending such a message to Felix House that would bring him away post-haste, though Potiphar's wife tried to keep him back by holding on to the tails of his coat.

The siren's words were ringing maddeningly in David's ears. He could feel the pulse and throb of her heart, and now she twined the fingers of one hand in his crisp hair.

A little scream of fury slipped from Phoebe's lips. Someone had knocked on the door, and she had given her maid most express orders on the subject of any interruption during Mr. Inglis' visit.

David sprang to his feet. The spell was snapped.

"Come in!"

The words choked out from Phoebe's lips.

The maid entered.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, her voice tremblingly apologetic. "But Mr. Inglis is urgently wanted on the telephone. A matter of life and death."

David started. The message left much to the imagination. With a quick word of apology to Phoebe, he hurried from the room down the stairs to the library.

He snatched up the receiver, and spoke rapidly into the mouthpiece.

"Who is it? What is it?"

"Me!"

He recognised the voice—Mrs. Wex's.

"Mr. Inglis—come—no time for palaverin'—come! Miss Mimi's 'ere, arakin' fur yer, waitin' fur yer, wantin' yer! Come to 'er!"

David stood stock still for a moment. He had gone white to his lips.

Then he spoke.

"Tell her I'm coming!"

Only when he had spoken did he realise that Phoebe's maid had followed him into the library.

"Tell Mrs. Kenyon," he said, inclined to gabble his words, "that I've been called away."

Mimi had asked for him, and had iron bars stood between him and her at this big moment he would have struggled to break them to get to her.

Phoebe, obligations, dangers—these things counted for nothing at this moment.

Another moment, and he was gone from the library. The maid returned to her mistress' boudoir.

"Mr. Inglis, ma'am," she said, "has been called away."

"Why? What for?"

All the music had gone from Phoebe's voice. It was harsh, dry, cracked.

"I can't tell you, ma'am. Mr. Inglis didn't say why. All I heard him say into the telephone was: 'Tell her I'm coming!'"

Phoebe leapt to her feet.

"Tell her I'm coming!" she screamed. "Who was he talking to?"

"I can't tell you, ma'am. That was all I heard!"

There was no trace of indisposition about Phoebe now.

Was Mimi ill, and had she sent for David?

Phoebe had never ceased to be jealous of Mimi, and jealousy had inspired the swift question.

"Don't stand staring at me!" she almost hissed at her maid. "Clothes—dress me, you idiot!"

"Ye-es, ma'am!"

"No. Wait!"

She was gone from the room to the library. Her voice cracked as she spoke a number into the telephone.

"Mr. Lang there?"

"No; and I can't say when he'll be in."

"Has he gone to Hallard's Cross? Do you know if he has received any bad news about Miss Hume—Miss Mimi Hume—the young lady he's engaged to?"

"Not to my knowledge." The speaker was Lang's housekeeper.

"Tell him to ring me up as soon as he returns. I'm Mrs. Kenyon, Felix House."

Phoebe rang off. David had not got a telephone in his flat; but there was a call-box for the use of the

residents in the hall, and she recalled the fact now. Feverishly she turned over the pages of the telephone directory, and gave another number.

"Can't get any answer!" came back from the exchange at last.

Phoebe drew a little blood from her nether lip with her teeth. She had been robbed; the cup dashed from her lips when she seemed on the point of draining its maddening bliss, and now jealousy was eating at her heart like vitriol. Instinct had associated Mimi with those words: "Tell her I'm coming!"

She hurried back to her boudoir. She was going to David's flat. There she might get at the truth of the telephone-message that had torn him from her arms.

"Dress me!" she choked out at her maid, and the trembling girl obeyed.

CHAPTER FIFTY.

Two Hearts that Beat As One.

"Hi!"

David sprang into the taxi-cab.

Mimi was waiting for him at his flat! The buzz of the rushing cab seemed to sing the words. She had asked for him. He had only fancied his love dead, killed by her lack of faith as he fancied she had expressed it in that cruel, brief note that was a forgery.

"That settles it."

Those were his words at the time, and the man's pride was strong. He had not gone to her and pleaded his cause and whined afterwards. He had written to her and said all he dared say as a self-respecting man in his own behalf, and she had answered: "David, I do not wish to see you or hear from you again.—Mimi."

He bared his head and let the rush of air through the open window beat against his forehead. He had only fancied his love killed. That message telling him that she wanted him, had brought it home to him how alive it was.

Much swirled through his brain. The old suspicion, strengthened now indelibly by the fact that Mimi had sent for him and had need of him recurred. Were they both victims of a monstrous conspiracy?

The cab seemed to be crawling. He was tempted to batter the window in front of him, shout to the chauffeur to drive, not crawl; but the cab was at top speed.

Bewlay Street at last!

Up the stairs, three steps to a stride.

No need to fit his latch-key. Mrs. Wex opened the front door as he reached the landing.

She was incapable of speech. She merely stabbed a thin finger worn and wrinkled with much work towards his "workshop." She was a woman, and a mighty curious one, even for a woman, to boot, and she would have given much to know what would happen when the door should close on David Inglis; but to

David started. The message left much to the imagination. With a quick word of apology to Phoebe, he hurried from the room down the stairs to the library.

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have attempted to have listened would have deserved the penalty of being hung, drawn, and quartered in her sight.

Mrs. Wex had a sense for the sacredness of some situations, and this was one of them.

David went past her to his study.

"Don't start snivelling, you idiot!" Mrs. Wex adjured herself fiercely. "Things is comin' right, not goin' wrong!"

David entered, closed the door.

Mimi stood beside his writing-table, slender, upright, her head flung back a little. Hope had given a little flush to her face, life and light to her eyes.

And to David, as he stood silent for one brief second she seemed the embodiment of all that was sweet and pure and fair. He was not reasoning now, was not asking questions about the past or future, yet his manner, like hers, was restrained.

"Mimi, you want me!"

Men and women speak simply at big moments.

"Yes."

They still stood apart. Then Mimi spoke very quickly.

"David, I sent you a note. Why didn't you answer it? I asked such a little."

"Answer it, Mimi—answer it? What answer could I give to it? The words cling to my memory like burrs. 'David, I do not wish to see you or hear from you again.—Mimi.'"

A cry from Mimi—a cry in which hope and tears and something akin to the laughter of joy were blent.

"David, I never wrote that!"

"You—never—wrote—that?"

And a cry came from his lips also. He was pledged to marry Phoebe; she to wed Rupert Lang. The shadow of a crime hovered overhead. But these things had no place in their thoughts.

"I only asked you to tell me, David—it would have been enough—that Phoebe's—"

"But I wrote—"

"I had no letters—"

"Mimi!"

"David, David!"

He stepped towards her, arms outstretched and quivering, and she had gone to him, to his heart. Then the strong arms closed round her passionately and lovingly, and also shelteringly.

They were looking neither into the past nor the future; they were giving no thought to obligations and the stern facts of life. Love had just triumphed on the strength of an explanation that had been a matter of understanding rather than of words.

They did not hear the bell ring.

But Mrs. Wex did.

"Over my dead body first!" was her thought.

(In next week's instalment is told how Phoebe, mad with jealousy, calls at David's flat.)

YOUNG REPORTER: "Is it true, sir, that you started life as a poor ploughboy?"

Successful Citizen: "No, sir; I started life as a small, red-faced, yelling baby. Good-day, sir!"

THE VICAR (to sexton): "Why don't you see that the seats in the church are dusted now and then, Evans?"

Evans (the sexton): "I do, sir; the congregation does it every Sunday morning, sir."

"HAVE you heard about the great joke on Brown? He was going fishing, but broke his leg and couldn't go."

"That's no joke."

"No; but the fishmonger heard of the accident, and delivered the string of fish Brown had ordered in case he didn't catch anything!"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

CONJUROR: "My assistant will now guess without assistance how many hairs any gentleman present has on his head."

Member of the Audience: "How many are there on mine?"

Assistant: "Two million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-four."

Conjuror: "If the gentleman will count his hairs he will see that the number is correct."

FOOTBALL HEADERS.

Result of Contest No. 6.

THE attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

WEST HAM UNITED: *With Energy Shod.* Sent by J. HAYWARD, Arborfield Schools, Reading; who nominated A. GARRATT, Arborfield Cross, Reading.

WEST HAM UNITED: *"Embroidery" Wrecks Success.* Sent by F. DIXON, 27 Cranmer Road, Croydon; who nominated S. DIXON, of same address.

WEST HAM UNITED: *Eleven Systematic "Wreckers."* Sent by G. T. BALL, 30 Crosby Road, Newton Heath, Manchester; who nominated Mrs. BALL.

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

£462,980

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

ONE OF THE OBJECTS IN LIFE of every ambitious person is to achieve Financial Success. To attain this end it is necessary to procure the best advice and act promptly. We claim that our system is one that will enable you to tread in the

Path of Prosperity,

as is proved by the vast sums we have paid away to Clients. Below we give you

OUR WEEKLY RECORD FOR 1910.

Jan. 5th	-	£313,460	May 4th	-	£364,100	Sept. 7th	-	£412,370
" 12th	-	316,650	" 11th	-	367,230	" 14th	-	415,020
" 19th	-	319,900	" 18th	-	369,330	" 21st	-	416,980
" 26th	-	322,780	" 25th	-	373,270	" 28th	-	420,360
Feb. 2nd	-	325,750	June 1st	-	376,070	Oct. 5th	-	421,760
" 9th	-	328,970	" 8th	-	377,750	" 12th	-	423,290
" 16th	-	331,920	" 15th	-	380,850	" 19th	-	425,040
" 23rd	-	334,730	" 22nd	-	383,800	" 26th	-	427,159
Mar. 2nd	-	338,060	" 29th	-	386,480	Nov. 2nd	-	428,280
" 9th	-	341,270	July 6th	-	388,580	" 9th	-	430,030
" 16th	-	344,120	" 13th	-	390,510	" 16th	-	432,260
" 23rd	-	347,330	" 20th	-	393,710	" 23rd	-	433,600
" 30th	-	350,680	" 27th	-	396,360	" 30th	-	436,420
April 2nd	-	353,400	Aug. 3rd	-	398,460	Dec. 7th	-	438,690
" 13th	-	355,960	" 10th	-	401,710	" 14th	-	440,530
" 20th	-	359,010	" 17th	-	404,510	" 21st	-	442,680
" 27th	-	361,690	" 24th	-	406,490	" 28th	-	444,560
			" 31st	-	409,250			

Here we have a steady stream of cash payments that speaks volumes for the system producing it.

Why Don't You Inquire?

Every sane-minded man is convinced by logical demonstration, by incontrovertible proofs, by facts beyond dispute. We state that individual clients have made thousands of pounds by our System, clients who have started with no more than £6 and with never any further liability. Surely it is worth your while inquiring about.

Do not hesitate!

That is how opportunities are missed; act at once. All you have to do is to fill in Coupon and forward to us, when we will send you a Booklet fully explaining our System of Business.

The first step is through this coupon. Send to-day and learn how a few pounds may lead to fortune.

TELEGRAMS: "Natsharex, London." TELEPHONE: 712 London Wall.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet "The Modern System of Money Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay to clients £462,980.

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS IN FULL

P. W.

23/2/11.

(Please write distinctly.)

Date.....

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DAINTY DISHES.

Inexpensive Flat Cakes.

Work two ounces of lard into one pound of dough, add one ounce of sugar and two ounces of currants. Knead all together and form into a flat cake upon an old plate. Score across the top in diamonds and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Ten minutes before the cake is done, brush it over with milk and scatter brown sugar over it.

A Cheap Blanc Manger

Is made by dissolving half an ounce of gelatine powder in three pints of milk, let this stand on the stove till the gelatine is quite dissolved, add one ounce of white sugar and any flavouring liked. When cooled add a quarter of a pint of cream and stir till the mixture is cold, then strain. Beat with an egg-whisk till nearly set, then place in a wet mould and let it stand till firm.

Dried Apple Rings

Make excellent tarts and puddings if prepared as follows: A quarter of a pound will make a nice-sized tart. Place them in a basin, and rinse thoroughly in cold water quickly. Pick the slices apart. Place in a quart basin, add sufficient water to cover, and soak for twenty-four hours, turning the fruit over once or twice. When the apples have soaked thoroughly the water will be absorbed. Use as fresh fruit.

Roulades of Mutton.

Cut some underdone or raw mutton into pieces about three inches long by one inch and a half wide, without fat. Season with pepper and salt and put a few capers on each piece, which then roll up and put on skewers. Place in the oven on a baking-dish, with just enough water to cover, and bake for about an hour. Slip the roulades off the skewers, and serve with caper sauce and mashed potatoes.

Gingerbread Biscuits.

Dry one pound of flour and pass through a sieve. When cold, rub into it two ounces of butter and three ounces of lard. Then add to the flour, etc., a teaspoonful of baking powder, a dessert-spoonful of candied orange peel, half an ounce of ground ginger, and six ounces of brown sugar. Warm half a pound of golden syrup, mix into it the other ingredients so as to form a good dough. Roll out, turn, cut into rounds with a tumbler, place on a greased tin, and bake slowly till the biscuits are brown and crisp. (Reply to AYLESFORD.)

A Plain Beefsteak Pudding.

Grease a quart basin and line it with suet crust, reserving a piece for the cover. Put a good tablespoonful of flour on to a plate with some salt and pepper. Cut two pounds of shin of beef into thin strips, draw them through the flour, and roll each round a small piece of fat. Put these lightly in the basin, scatter a little chopped onion and parsley over, and pour in a teacupful of water. Lay over the cover and trim it round neatly. Tie over a scalded and floured cloth and boil the pudding very slowly for five hours. If carefully cooked, this pudding will be equal to one made with the best rump-steak.

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.—No. 67.

SCOTCH PUDDING.

- 3/4 a packet of Cakeoma.
- 2 ozs. of Butter.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of Syrup.
- 2 Eggs.
- 1 or 2 ozs. Preserved Ginger (chopped very fine).
- 3 Apples.
- Quarter of a Glass of Milk.

METHOD.—Rub the butter into the Cakeoma. Cut the apples into slices, and with the chopped ginger mix them with the Cakeoma and butter. Warm the syrup, and after separating the whites from the yolks of the eggs, beat up the yolks and together with the milk add to the rest and make a batter. Pour this into a greased basin and steam three hours and serve with Foamy Sauce made as follows:—

Beat up the 2 whites of eggs saved for the purpose to a froth; add 2 ozs. castor sugar and again beat. Bring a gill of milk to boiling point and pour it over the beaten whites and sugar, stirring all the time; stir in the grated rind and juice of half a lemon and serve hot.

Cakeoma is sold in 3/4d. packets by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Recipe book will be sent post free on request to Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

A USEFUL OVERALL.

EVERY woman will appreciate this pattern of a useful overall which will protect her dress from damage either when cooking or cleaning.

If you have a sewing machine you can, with the help of the pattern, soon run one up quite easily.

It needs four and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch wide material, so if you have a remnant of this length by you it is

a good way of utilising it.

It can be made out of any washing material and needs no trimming.

This overall has no strings, so is easy to slip on and off; the fastening consists merely of three buttons.

Diagrams showing the cutting out and placing together of the material with full directions

for making are given in "HOME NOTES."

This paper pattern is being largely advertised, so don't miss it by failing to get "HOME NOTES" NOW. If you wait it may be sold out, so order your copy NOW to avoid disappointment.

Remember, this pattern is GIVEN AWAY with

HOME NOTES

Now Selling. Dated February 23rd.

Price One Penny. At all Newsagents.

LADIES, PLEASE VOTE

on the question whether we shall do it now or wait till Martin comes. You'll find the ballot-paper on page 503.

FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

If the patient is down with bronchitis and you wish to save the cost of a steam-kettle, an efficient substitute may be obtained by fitting a piece of hollow bamboo to the nose of the kettle. The bamboo should be about two feet in length. If the opening in the bamboo is too large for the spout of the kettle, wind some packing round the spout, so that all the steam may get well into the room. (Prize won by MRS. WEEKS, 56 Clarence Street, Dover.)

A HOME-MADE SKIN SOAP.

FANCY soaps for improving the complexion are not always pure, besides being very expensive. An excellent soap can be made at home by cutting two pounds of common yellow soap into shavings, and dissolving it over a fire with two ounces of salad oil. When melted, add three-pennyworth of oil of cinnamon, and stir well. Pour the soap into a deep dish to cool, and then cut it into squares. The soap will improve by keeping. (Prize won by MRS. KITCHEN, 4 Leighton Place, Leeds.)

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL HINT.

If you have a good deal of ironing to do, a much better iron-rest than the ordinary metal stand is a brick, previously heated in the oven. In this way the iron will retain its heat nearly twice as long, and you will save much time.

HOME HINTS.

Brown Boots.

When stained, may be cleaned with a raw, cut potato.

Dusters

Made of cheese cloth are excellent for dusting old china and bric-a-brac.

Elastic Stockings

May be cleaned with hot flour. Rub it well in, and then brush off when cold.

Steel

On a kitchen range should not be black-leaded. It can be easily polished with a mixture of whiting and oil.

Zinc or Tin.

If badly discoloured, may be cleaned with a paste of whiting and paraffin.—(Reply to GARDENER.)

A Cheap Red Colouring

For cookery is made thus: Chop a large beetroot very fine and pour a little boiling water over; strain and use.

An Excellent Grate Polish.

Boil two ounces of black lead, and a piece of yellow soap the size of a walnut, with half a pint of ale. When cold, place in a bottle and cork tightly.

The Smell of Cigar Smoke

Can soon be dispelled from a room. Put a few red-hot coals on a shovel and then sprinkle some ground coffee over. The fumes will purify the room.

Looking-glasses

Should be kept perfectly bright by cleaning with a rag moistened with methylated spirit. This will remove fly marks and all other stains. (Reply to MARGARET.)

For Chased Brass

Do not use either powder or paste, as it is so difficult to get it out of the chasings. Instead, dissolve one ounce of oxalic acid in a wineglassful of water and use that. (Reply to H. P. D.)

Kitchen Chairs

Should always have wooden, not cane, seats, then if anything greasy be spilled, they can be scrubbed. They should be kept in good condition by an occasional polish with beeswax and turpentine.

A Scullery Table

Is often difficult to keep nice, for the constant scrubbing roughens it. The best covering, and the cheapest in the end, is a sheet of zinc nailed on to cover the edges. Failing this, cut a piece of linoleum the exact size to cover it.

A Steamy Bathroom

Is not a pleasant place. Fit about two feet of indiarubber tubing on to the hot tap. As soon as the water covers the other end the steam will cease to rise. This adds greatly to the comfort of the bathroom, and saves the walls as well.

Your Porcelain Sink

Can be cleaned very easily by rubbing with newspaper moistened with paraffin. Afterwards scrub well with soap and water. Should there be any obstinate stains, scour with a little powdered rotten stone. (Reply to NEW HOUSE.)

Turn Pillow Slips

When they are beginning to wear, and they will take a new lease of life. Unpick the bottom seam, and before sewing it up again fold the case so that the seam at the side goes down the middle. In this way the whole pillow slip wears evenly.

Bladders

From pickle jars can be used several times if taken off with care. Cut the string, and then cover with a cloth wrung out of warm water. This will so soften the skin that it can be removed without tearing. Flatten it out and dry it for future use.

FREE TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Much interest will be aroused in the unique offer made by The Oatine Co. on the front cover of this week's issue of *Pearson's Weekly*, as this firm, who are the proprietors of all the celebrated Oatine Toilet Preparations, have arranged to distribute free one or more full-size articles of their newest preparations to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*. You can have either a Book of Powder Leaves or a free Tablet of Soap, or both, if you care to take advantage of both offers, full details of which will be found on the front cover, which is worth careful consideration.

5!
WITH ORDER

We Deliver Immediately this Powerful Gramophone
With 10 Superb Disc Record Selections and all accessories, Carriage Paid to all approved orders for 5/- with order, and if entirely satisfied and delighted when you have heard the instrument in your own home, the balance of 45/- is payable by 5 Monthly Payments of 9/- each.

THIS IS A STRAIGHTFORWARD HONEST OFFER.

There are no tricks or complications. Unless you are completely charmed and delighted with the Machine and Records, you are under no obligation whatever to keep it. We will return every penny you have paid instantly without a word of discussion.

THIS WELL-BUILT GRAMOPHONE, our own ex-actly, is absolutely up-to-date, and contains every modern improvement. Solid Oak Cabinet polished to fine piano finish, powerful silent steel Motor, finely proportioned Tone Arm, solid 10in Turntable, large 16in Sound Horn handsomely decorated, and powerful and highly sensitive re-producer, which will do justice to the most exquisite solos and reproduce the full band and orchestra selections with accuracy and effect.

IN YOUR HOME GRAMOPHONE CONCERTS you may hear the finest performances of the World's Greatest Bands and Orchestras, the noblest compositions of the great Composers, the jests and drolleries of the favourite Fun Makers, the popular songs of the great Star Artists, and everything you could wish to listen to may be reproduced with lifelike fidelity and entrancing effect for the enjoyment of your Family Circle and Friends, at your own home right by your own fireside.

CATALOGUE FREE. Our New Catalogue is a complete guide to the latest and best in both Needle and Sapphire Machines. Every style is illustrated, and for variety, quality and value, are unsurpassable. All these high-class machines supplied on Easy Monthly Terms or Cash Discount. A POST-CARD TO-DAY will bring this valuable Book per return.

GRAND RECORD OFFER. Every Talking Machine Owner should send for our Extraordinary Offer of Needle Disc Records arranged in Complete Programmes of 20 Magnificent Selections for 2/6 with order and your promise to pay the balance in Easy Monthly Installments.

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THE Daily Chronicle.

"To hear a 'Graves Gramophone' is to realise the best and latest word in Gramophone perfection; it renders music as music; it does not give it with a muttered accompaniment of its own; and it reproduces the human voice with an exactitude quite startling—its value is marvellous."
December 16th, 1910.

Warranted

Three Years.

2/- in the £ Discount Cash with order.



A Dainty Food for Ladies' Pets

"SPRATT'S MEAT 'FIBRINE' OVALS"

Nothing to equal them in quality. You will be pleased with their appearance. Your dog will look for more. ABOUT 240 TO THE LB. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Pocket Biscuit

FREE SAMPLE of
SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
20 & 25 Fenchurch Street,
LONDON, E.C.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT TOBACCO, MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cured men send me, for Two Stamps, Mention this paper.
A. J. LEIGH, 22 and 23 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS

and when writing to Advertisers, mention "Pearson's Weekly."

There is Nothing to Throw Away

in Cocoa—no leaves or dregs or useless sediment. Cocoa is all nourishment—the word itself means "Food of the Gods." It is one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, and every year finds it more and more relied upon by those who study health and diet.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

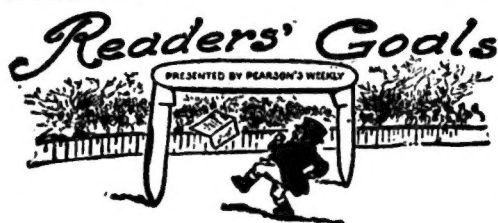
is manufactured by the **Oldest House in the Trade**, and is unsurpassed for solubility, fragrance, and flavour.

The Medical Press, including **The Lancet**, **British Medical Journal**, and **Medical Annual**, testifies to its absolute purity.

Fry's **PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa**

NOTHING TO LEAVE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

PRECIOUS TO THE LAST DROP.



FOR CUP-TIE COUPLES.

If everybody who had what he believed to be a grievance in connection with P.W. would only write in and candidly state what the trouble is all about, it would help to clear up points of difference which are due entirely to misunderstandings.

I say this because I have before me a letter from a Lancashire reader, in which he expresses the wish to come down and see the Cup Final as our guest, but doesn't trouble to try because, in his own words, "I live too far away from London." As the values of the prizes in this competition vary according to where the winners reside, he naturally infers that we shall make the awards to those who live near London so that we shall be saved the expense of the railway fares of those residing a great distance away.

I am glad my correspondent raises this point. If he had gone on feeling sore about it, he would certainly have robbed himself of the opportunity of coming down to see the Cup Final. But, instead of that, he has written and stated the facts like a man.

When I arrange a competition, I state in the conditions exactly what I mean. If, in this case, I had intended to give the prizes only to those living near London, I should have said so. I am quite willing to pay the expenses of anyone from Land's End, from John o' Groat's, or from the West Coast of Ireland, provided that he is entitled to it under the conditions.

The addresses of competitors are never looked at when the best attempts in the contest are being chosen. There is no necessity to do so. A few pounds one way or the other makes no difference to P.W. But it would make a great difference—a very great difference—if by any hanky-panky work I decided to hoodwink my readers. Apart from the unpleasant knowledge that even one of my old friends was justified in feeling aggrieved, it would—to put it quite bluntly—be "bad business." No tradesman can afford to deceive his customers and hope to succeed.

I have talked to you at some length on this matter because so many other points are involved. And now I would say finally that every reader, wherever he may live, has an equal opportunity of getting a free trip to London to see the Cup Final. The one condition is that he shall show enough merit in his attempt.

TWO V.C.'S.

"SUPPOSING," writes MILES, "a soldier who had won a V.C. were to perform, in another battle, a second act deserving this proud distinction, would he be able to wear two V.C.'s? Is there any record of a soldier being thus decorated?"

I know of no such instance as you mention, MILES. Nevertheless, there is one living soldier who wears two V.C.'s. This is Earl Roberts. For on his left breast is the V.C. he won himself by his own act of bravery during the Indian Mutiny. On his right breast reposes the V.C. that his son gained in the Boer War, losing his life in the act.

UNDERTAKERS AS ADVERTISERS.

"H. E." would be very much obliged if I could tell him why it is that undertakers seldom advertise except in parish magazines. "Are there more deaths amongst the readers of parish magazines," he asks, "than, for instance, amongst the readers of your paper? Every parish magazine I have seen has contained an undertaker's advertisement, and I hope you will be able to give me the reason."

It would be no good undertakers advertising in P.W.. H. E. However ill a man might be, he would cheer up directly he saw the corpse-coloured one, and insist on living in order to read the next instalment of "Driven from Home." It seems to me quite natural that undertakers should choose the parish magazine, for most funerals take place under the auspices of the Church, and the relatives of the deceased person doubtless often ask the vicar's kind advice concerning the funeral. He would, of course, recommend a man he knew about in preference to one he didn't.

THAT WEDDING PRESENT.

"I AM in a large office," writes CLERKLY. "I am about to get married; but, as yet, have not even told my colleagues of my engagement, for the simple reason that, if I were to do so, it would practically amount to asking for a present. On the other hand, I do not wish to make a mystery of my marriage. What shall I do?"

You are quite a remarkably thoughtful young man, CLERKLY. But you cannot avoid that subscription. Even if you send a wire after the happy event, you will find a silver flower-bowl waiting on your return from your honeymoon. Many more years ago than he cares to remember, your Editor was in a very similar position. I was as shy as you, CLERKLY, but I pulled through it somehow, and you will have to do the same.

INCHES OR INDIVIDUALITY.

GEORGIUS writes: "I am engaged to the best girl in the world. The only drawback from my complete happiness is that I am about a foot shorter than my sweetheart. Can you tell me the best way to grow?"

I can tell you something a lot better than that, GEORGIUS, and that is not to worry your head about such a trifle. Height does not go for much nowadays. A couple of thousand years ago, when you would have had to woo your sweetheart with a hatchet, there might have been some point in your complaint. Even so, the smallest men are often the toughest and most active.

Remember this, GEORGIUS. The "best girl in the world" is in love with your individuality—not your inches.

BEER AND THE BOW-WOW.

"SOME little while ago," writes T. W., "a friend of mine witnessed the following incident: From a neighbouring house there emerged a young girl about eleven years of age with a little basket in her hand and a dog by her side. The pair proceeded some hundred yards or so till they were almost opposite a publican's premises. Then they halted, and the girl placed the basket in the dog's mouth. The faithful animal, who was evidently not making his first journey, trotted straight in through the entrance to the pub, emerging shortly afterwards with the basket between his teeth. He came right across to where his lady friend stood, and she took charge of the spoil and returned to the house. Now, sir, what I want to know is, can the law be got round in such a flimsy fashion as this?"

Apparently it can, J. M. At all events, I am inclined to think that the publican in question knows he is quite safe in serving Rover with a small Bass, or else he would scarcely be so foolish as to risk his licence by doing so. I think that a man who is ingenious and patient enough to train his dog in this fashion deserves the privilege of getting his supper beer without having to put on his boots and go out for it. There are at present many more useful ways in which the law might employ itself than in worrying him.

WHO STARTED INSURANCE?

D. S. is an insurance agent, and he has a friend who follows the same line. "We were discussing business the other day," he writes, "when my pal asked me who was the originator of insurance, and when it was first started. I couldn't tell him, but it seemed to me an excellent chance of getting hold of a penknife."

I have sent it off by this post, D. S. To tell you the exact origin of insurance, however, is beyond my power. It is what an author would call "lost in antiquity." As far as we know, the first people who patronised it were the ancient merchants, who, when sending out ships, used to pay someone else to help them share the possible loss. From insuring the merchandise they gradually came to insuring the life of the captain, on whom so much depended, and in this way life insurance itself sprang into existence.

The earliest policy of which we have any particulars was taken out on June 15th, 1583, at the "Office of Insurance" in London. It was for £383 6s. 8d., which sum was to be paid to Richard Martin, in the event of William Gybbons dying within twelve months. The policy was underwritten by thirteen different people. As it happened, William passed away on May 28th, 1584, and the underwriters refused to pay on the ground that he had survived twelve months of twenty-eight days each. Not to be done in this fashion, Richard took the matter to the Law Courts, and after some delay duly secured the cash.

A PIPE AND A PUZZLE.

C. T. C., who lives at Gibraltar, sends along a brief but rather baffling query. "How can I cure a briar pipe?" he asks.

It all depends what is the matter with it, C. T. C. If, when you smoke it, it persists in trying to sing "Rule Britannia," you will find the speediest and most effective cure is to buy a penny packet of pipe cleaners and ram one up the stem. If, however, its illness takes the form of a rather wobbly stem, which allows the head to drop off into the fireplace, I should tear off a small piece of paper, wrap it round the business end of the unsatisfactory mouthpiece, and reinsert the latter into the bowl.

Should you mean, how can you "cure" a new piece of "briar" root which you are anxious to fashion into a pipe, I am told on good authority that there is no special method used. Such wood is just seasoned in the ordinary way, its special appearance being due entirely to the care with which it is cut and polished.

THE BLUES.

"WHEN a man is said to be a Liberal or a Conservative," writes G. W. R., "a fairly accurate idea is conveyed to the average man as to the bent of mind of the person spoken of. Now, I have heard people talking of a man use the phrases: 'Oh, you see, he's an Oxford man!' or 'Well, you see he's a Cambridge man!' as if they intended to give an idea of the attitude which the man spoken of would inevitably take with regard to certain questions. I should be glad if you could explain what is the difference between the opinions of 'an Oxford man' and 'a Cambridge man.'"

From what I have seen of both of them, G. W. R., I should say very little. Indeed, the only topic I know of on which they would inevitably take different sides, would be which is the most attractive shade of blue—light or dark. You may be certain Cambridge men would swear by the former, while Oxford men would put their money on the latter. Apart from this, there is no particular meaning in the phrases.

Perhaps very young Oxford men have a slightly more "superior" manner than their Cambridge rivals, but this very soon gets rubbed off if they have to battle for their living. The only other point I can think of on which it would apply would be in a discussion as to the relative merits of mathematics and classics in training the mind. A schoolmaster from the banks of the Cam would most likely vote for Euclid and algebra, as against the Oxford man's Latin and Greek.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communications must appear on these cards.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline.
4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, February 23rd.
5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be given to the competitors whose postcards bear the earliest postal dates.

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RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

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Results of Footline Competitions.

"TITLE" CONTEST.

Five match-boxes for the best suggestions of titles to the serial story, "Driven from Home," been won by the following:

J. Hinton, The Bridge, Arey Kings, Stourport; Kew, Orchard House, Langley Heath; A. Low, 184 Lee Rd., Dundee; H. R. McKenzie, 30 Mall Rd., Bournemouth; R. Matthews, Upper Studley, Trowbridge.

"SHOP" CONTEST.

In this competition it was suggested that the letters of the words "Boulderby's Chocolate is the best" be rearranged to make a funny notice on a shop-window. The winning attempt was sent by J. C. Logan, Tornaveen, Torphins, Aberdeenshire, who has won the prize of half-a-guinea for the following: "Bottle noses cured by ice baths."

"SECONDS" CONTEST.

PENKNIVES have been awarded to the twenty-five competitors who contributed the best second lines to the uncompleted phrase "Too many cooks—" Their names and addresses are as follows:

A. Blake, 2 Nelson St., Greenock; S. Brown, 23 Rowan St., Newfoundpool, Leicester; J. S. Coleman, Countess, Leicester; A. Cooke, 56 Howarth Rd., Plumstead; L. Cooney, Bottville Rd., Acock's Green, Birmingham; G. E. Cotton, Ashby Rd., Shepshed, Leicestershire; P. F. Doyle, 4 Myddleton Square, E.C.; Etheridge, 33 Burlington Avenue, Kew Gardens; Fingries, 16 Rosevale Place, Leith; Mrs. R. Goody, 100 Deny, Allen Rd., Urmston, Manchester; G. Hall, Grange, Brighthelm, Isle of Wight; Miss H. Harnden, Bearded, Maidstone; J. Hopkins, Twyn Square, Usk, Mon.; N. McLaurin, 27 West End Park St., Glasgow; H. M. Lovering, 204 Kilburn Lane, Queen's Park, W.; A. Lowe, 45 Gellatly Rd., Nunhead; E. Marr, 2 White St., Partick, Glasgow; J. Montgomery, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow; R. G. Pardoe, Hazlehurst, Basford Park, Stoke; W. H. Roome, 8 Park St., Derby; W. F. Rust, 124 Old Palace Rd., Norwich; D. W. Spickernell, 27a, Wheaton Rd., Pokesdown, Bournemouth; H. Williams, Soldiers' Home, Dundalk; Mrs. Wise, 7 High-street, Leicester; R. Woods, Lisburn Union, Lisburn.

"CLAPHAM" CONTEST.

The best answers to the question, "Why is Clapham Common?" were contributed by the following readers, to whom the twenty-five penknives have been sent:

E. Allen, 80 Arundel Rd., St. Yarmouth; C. Bell, 24 Nicolson St., Edinburgh; H. J. Bishop, 25 Pollard Rd., West Hendon; T. Brown, 25 St. Pancras, Chichester; Miss M. A. Clancy, 8 Clanciarde Grdns., Hyde Park; S. J. Clifton, Priory Grove, Tonbridge; F. R. Dawson, 18 Powell St., Heckmondwike; A. E.

Empson, 3 Gainsborough Rd., S. Hackney; Miss E. Goddard, 7 Liverpool Ter., Worthing; W. Hamilton, 11 Leicester Rd., Newport, Mon.; Mrs. W. Howick, Ashfield Lodge, Midhurst; J. H. Ingham, 40 Milton St., Padiham; R. L. Jones, 139 Marsala Rd., Lewisham; Miss E. M. Kemp, 107 Elgin Rd., Seven Kings; J. P. King, 21 First Avenue, Manor Park; G. Miller, 31 Querrin St., Fulham; E. Oram, Hilcrest, Beacon Hill, Bath; C. Parr, 13-14 Richmond Bldgs., Brighton; S. Rennie, Forthside, Stirling; Miss F. Smith, Great Central Hotel, Carlisle; H. W. Solly, 3 Murillo Rd., Lee; Wm. Stevenson, 4 Annetwell St., Carlisle; T. W. Thornborrow, 2 Castle Ter., Ealing; T. L. Towler, 52 Shardsley Rd., New Cross; T. Wide, 98 White Rock St., Liverpool.

"DRAWING" CONTEST.

READERS were invited to draw a fancy picture of the Editor of P.W. The five safety-razors for the best attempts have been sent to the following:

A. T. Griffiths, 192 Inverness Place, Roath Park, Cardiff; B. A. Harrison, 40 Denton's Green, St. Helens; L. J. Hodge, Gael Villa, Carlton; C. Major, 95 Broadway, Roath, Cardiff; W. J. Mills, 11 Kitchener St., Leeds.

"BUN" CONTEST.

The five best "logical proofs" that "a Cabinet Minister is a Bath Bun," were supplied by the following competitors, to each of whom a match-box has been forwarded:

Mrs. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ire.; Miss V. Cannell, 4 Smithfield Rd., Norwich; Mrs. B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; B. Leaver, 40 St. Matthew St., Burnley; W. J. Wright, "Ardgour," Larbert.

"PUNS" CONTEST.

In this contest the best puns were sent by the following, to whom the twenty-five pencil-cases have been awarded:

T. Barron, 1 Hulsea St., Clayton; Wm. B. Bowles, 318 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Bruce Grove; Wm. Brookes, Huish Episcopi, Langport; Miss M. A. Clancy, 8 Clanciarde Grdns., Hyde Park; A. W. Coburn, 136 Edmund Rd., Hastings; W. E. Edwards, 24 Llantrisant St., Cathays, Cardiff; W. E. Edwards, 4 Surbiton Hill Rd., Surbiton; L. Hagger, 10 Trellawn Rd., Leyton; Wm. Hamilton, 11 Leicester Rd., Newport, Mon.; J. Hill, 75 Miles St., Camp Hill, Birmingham; Rev. R. J. Wright, Shakespeare Rd., Worthing; Mrs. T. Howes, 39 Buxton Rd., Norwich; G. Lewin, 194 Stanley Villas, Wood Green; A. Macleod, 68 Murraygate, Dundee; S. Maunder, 53 Garmoye Rd., Wavertree, Liverpool; T. Morris, Coalstown-of-Wemys; D. R. Newlands, St. Albans, Sutton; T. Norton, 3 Dorset Rd., S. Lambeth; A. E. Price, 2 Wordsworth Ave., Cardiff; T. C. Richardson, 37 St. John St., Oxford; Miss F. Smith, Great Central Hotel, Carlisle; M. Smith, 21 St. Ignatius Sq., Preston; W. E. Sutton, Gloucester; A. E. West, 35 Eldon St., Darlington; R. Woods, Lisburn Union, Lisburn.

Prizes for Overseas Readers.

We are again devoting a competition to Colonial readers only.

This time, instead of a Triplets contest, the new competition takes the form of a Limerick.

Below you will find the first four lines of a Limerick verse. We leave you to supply the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done so, write out the completed verse and send it to us in accordance with the rules for competitors.

The whole of the prize money will be awarded to the senders of the last lines considered the best by the judges.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

*A Colonist, Barney O'Hea,
Was taking a nap 'neath a tree;
But he woke with a fright,
Something growled at his right*

Please note that your last line must scan and rhyme with the first two lines of the verse.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1.—When you have thought out a good last line write out the completed "Limerick" on a piece of paper,

and add your name and address, then attach to it a postal order for one shilling and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, England. You may, if you like, send two different "Limericks," with one postal order for a shilling. If, however, you want to send more than two, a postal order for one shilling must be sent for every two "Limericks" you send. Each "Limerick" must be written on a separate sheet of paper, together with your name and address.

2.—Mark your envelope "Colonial No. 3" in the top left-hand corner.

3.—All attempts must arrive on or before MONDAY, JUNE 5TH.

4.—The postal orders must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "A.C." in the manner shown on page 511. The number of the postal order should also be written on the sheets of paper on which you have written your "Limericks."

5.—The whole amount of prize money received will be divided amongst the senders of the lines selected as the best by the judges.

6.—Readers living in the British Isles, which includes those living in the Channel Isles and other British islands near the British coast, are not eligible to enter this competition.

7.—The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempts submitted.

8.—No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

9.—The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Result of Triplets No. 33.

In Triplets No. 33 the amount available for distribution was £53 16s. For each of the following a prize of £4 1s. has been awarded:

Going to School: *Gladdens Tiny Sweethearts.*
A. Box, 182 Heath Road, Twickenham.
Lost Cat Wails: *"Welcoming" Clarinet Lesson.*
S. Lane, 29 Station Road, Willesden Junction.
Lost Cat Wails: *Lodger Warranted "Coalheaver."*
EDWARD WISE, 10 Cambridge Road, Mile End Gate.
Father Starts Gardening: *Striking Fresh Ground.*
HERBERT PETERS, 16 Devonshire Road, Cambridge.
Father Starts Gardening: *Fashionable Gloves "Soiled."*
R. ARTHURS, 11 Mount Street, Barnsley.
Father Starts Gardening: *Grazes Foundation Stone.*
G. HASSELL, 13 Dalston Lane, Dalston Junction.
Father Starts Gardening: *Grumbling Stableman Finishes.*
A. ROBERTS, 12 Albion Street, Castleford.

Father Starts Gardening: *Ground Seems Frightened.*
Miss A. J. SWINGER, 132 Eglinton Road, Plumstead.
Father Starts Gardening: *Flowerpot Generally Suffices.*
JOHN GREENWOOD, 129 King's Road, Chelsea.
Father Starts Gardening: *Goatee Frequently Stroked.*
F. J. KENDALL, 5 Overton Villas, Dorchester.

6 GIFTS OF £1 1s. EACH.
Beck, P. Rothwell, Northampton.
Berryman, E., Laburnum House, Cefn Coed, Merthyr Tydfil.

Horn, Miss M., 5 Academy Square, Montrose.
Little, Miss, 36 London Road, Horsham.
Stewart, W., 14 Carlyle Drive, Crookston.
Williams, J., 10 Wesley Street, Ponkey, Wrexham.

7 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.
Board, G. K., 97 High Street, Sandown, I. of W.
Hamilton, R. H., 27 Macdonald Road, Cromer.
Hayter, W., West Watting, Cambridgeshire.
Leckburn, Mrs. E., 53 Victoria Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.
Mitchell, A., Lagloskin, Tayinloan.
Ryan, T., Infantry Record Office, Barracks, Cork.
Topeley, S., 48 Broad Street, Teddington.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1911.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . . . April 14.	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	Feb. 17 . . . 6.14
Easter Monday . . . April 17.	M 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27	" 18 . . . 6.16
Whitsun Monday . . . June 5.	T 7 14 21 28	T 7 14 21 28	T 7 14 21 28	T 7 14 21 28	" 19 . . . 6.18
Bank Holiday . . . August 7.	W 8 15 22 29	W 8 15 22 29	W 8 15 22 29	W 8 15 22 29	" 20 . . . 6.20
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	T 9 16 23 30	T 9 16 23 30	T 9 16 23 30	T 9 16 23 30	" 21 . . . 6.22
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	F 10 17 24 31	F 10 17 24 31	F 10 17 24 31	F 10 17 24 31	" 22 . . . 6.24
	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	" 23 . . . 6.26

"FIVE" CONTEST.

In the quotation, "To be or not to be, that is the question," five words were to be retained in their proper order, and five others added to make a witty sentence. The five safety-razors for the best attempts have been awarded to the following:

E. Burdon, 219 Westmorland Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; G. A. Hoffmeister, Inland Section, Mount Pleasant, W. G. Saxby, 17 Daisy St., St. Andrews Rd., Huddersfield; D. W. Spickernell, 27a Wheaton Rd., Pokesdown, Bournemouth; L. Ward, 53 Birkhall Rd., Catford.

"CHEESE" CONTEST.

Lady readers were invited to suggest the best methods of using up cheese-rind. Ten pairs of scissors have been awarded to the following ladies, whose contributions were the best in this contest:

Miss A. Clancy, 8 Clanciarde Grdns., Hyde Park; Mrs. E. Dingel, 43 Stainsby Rd., Litchhouse; Miss C. Harfleet, Telephone Exchange, Kildare; Miss L. R. Hiam, 1 Pentillie Cres., Plymouth; Miss B. Larkworthy, 1 Dale Rd., Plymouth; Mrs. J. Lockley, 22 Belle Vue Rd., Chester; Miss R. McKinnon, 37 Dalhousie St., Garnethill, Glasgow; Mrs. L. C. Pascall, 15 Rudman St., Shawlough, Rochdale; Mrs. Phillips, 48 High Holme Rd., Louth, Lincs; Miss M. Utting, Laurel Cottage, Heacham.

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£100 RAILWAY		
£100 CYCLING		
£100 AEROPLANE		

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including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurred within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this Coupon-Insurance-shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3. The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature

Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, February 15th, 1911, until midnight, Thursday, February 23rd, 1911.



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LI-NOLA is not merely a floor covering of remarkable beauty; no, it has something else to make it deserving of your patronage; it is truly a durable substance, and embodies more virtues than any other floor covering on the market. It is hygienic, it removes brutal floor scrubbing labour as it requires no scrubbing, and it is a floor covering with a border so arranged that every room from attic down to basement can be advantageously covered; and such is its finely-made surface that any liquid that may be spilt is not absorbed, and can easily be wiped away. Li-nola is also adaptable to any room because it is not made in one piece. To be made in one piece would make Li-nola unwieldy and expensive.

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